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[contents] may 2011











Pet of the Month
Tasha Reign
page 56

PICTORIALS

30 From Our Red-hot Dreams
Alexis Ford

56 Tasha Reigns
Pet of the Month
Tasha Reign

80 The Guccione Years
1990 Pet of the Year
Stephanie Page

96 Blonde & Blonder
Bree Olson & Ash
Hollywood

114 Baby Got Back
Baby Nicol

FULL FRONTAL

11 Revealing Entertainment

12 Flicks
Johnny Depp returns with yet another *Pirates*.

14 Joystick
Duke Nukem Forever is finally out. Really.

15 DVDs
The Fighter, The Green Hornet, Taxi Driver.

16 Sounds
Foo Fighters, Steve Earle, and more reviews.

17 Reads
Mid-Life, The Encyclopedia of Sandwiches, and more.

LIFE ON TOP

19 Driving Force
Bugatti's Veyron Super Sport.

22 Freewheelin'
The Aprilia 750 Shiver.

24 Tech
Great tools and toys you never knew you needed.

26 The Goods
Items to make your next trip a breeze.

28 Scoundrel
A vacation compromise can ramp up your girl's sex drive.

29 The Pour House
The not-so Old-Fashioned is still a cocktail to savor.

FEATURES

40 Gametime
Russia's rough-and-tumble new hockey league. By Noah Davis

42 Glamour Girls and Dangerous Dames
Step right up and enjoy sword-swallowing sirens, the girlie freakshow, headmistress Jo Boobs, and much more with our celebration of the gorgeous women of the neo-sideshow and neo-burlesque scenes.

50 Party Monster
Andrew W.K. is a headbanging rocker, classical pianist, motivational speaker, and he loves blowing things up. What's not to like? By Christine Colby

54 Warrior Wire
All Americans should protest the government's proposed military health-care cuts. By Jennifer Peters

71 Nothing's Shocking
Rock star Dave Navarro takes your questions.

74 The Coast-to-Coast Club
A growing number of people consider it their patriotic duty to have sex in every state. By Shari Goldhagen

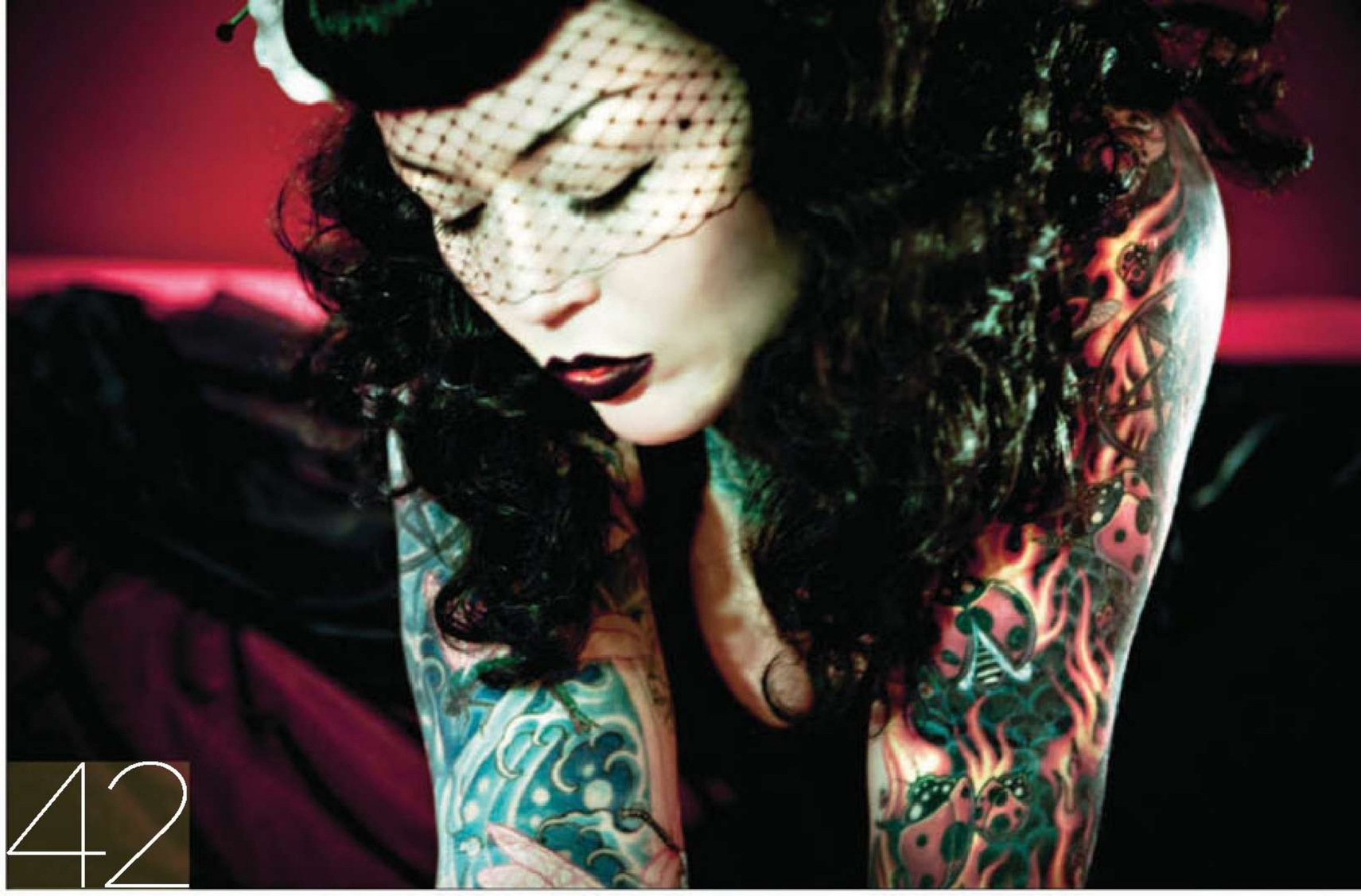
78 Stand-up Guys
Hannibal Buress can coax laughs out of any subject, which is why you'll be seeing a lot more of him. By Rachel Kramer Bussel

88 Where the Girls Are
Spring offers ample opportunity for sports, sun, sand, and sensual encounters. By Joe Diamond

92 12 Essential Fast Fixes
The ultimate clip-and-save guide. By Steve Shawn

110 Bedtime Stories
"Well-Read," erotic fiction by Erica Cunningham

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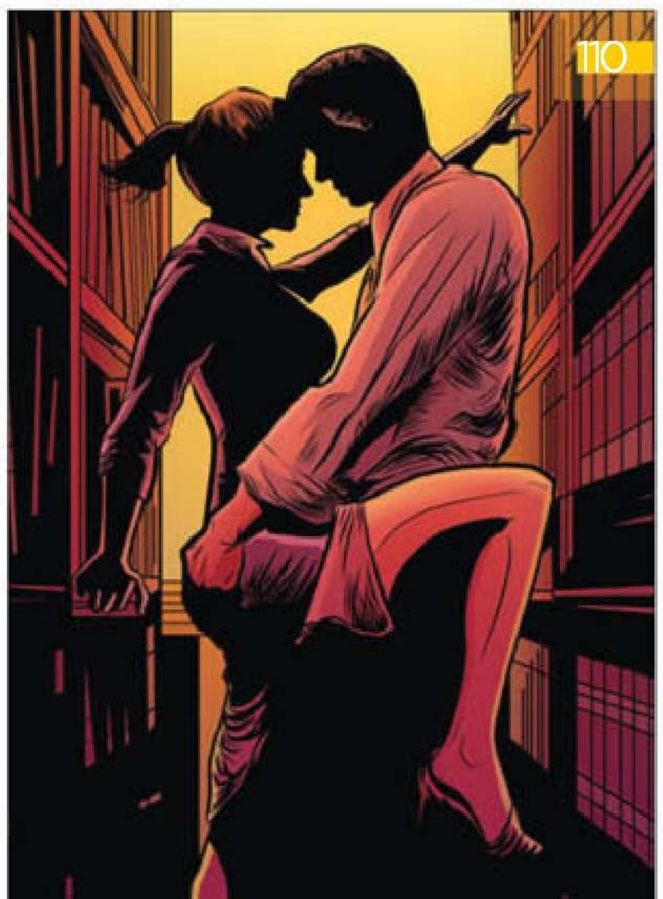


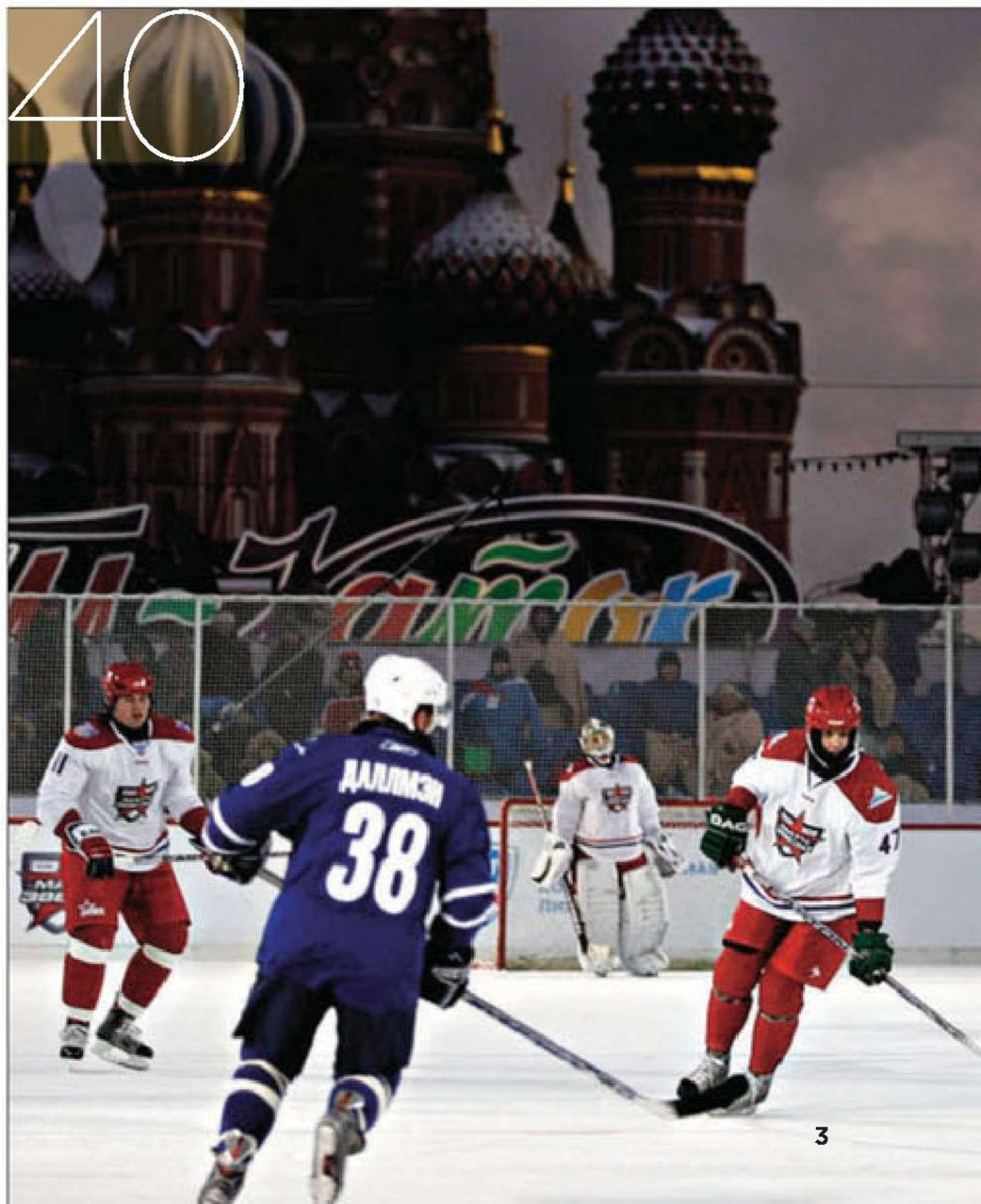




DEPARTMENTS

4 Forum
72 Pet Projects
106 Sex Ed.
134 Parting Shot





Sex Friends

A few months ago, my two best friends and I planned a simple weekend getaway that turned out to be loads of fun. Before we arrived at the resort, I made dinner reservations at a cozy restaurant I'd heard about. The place had one table in particular, in a back corner next to a curtained wall, where one could come and go, unseen. Gina and I dressed in our sexiest outfits—tight minis and even tighter tops—which had our friend Max horny enough to want to blow off dinner and jump our bones on the spot. But I convinced him that we'd have lots of fun later and he'd really like the place, so eventually he gave in.

At the restaurant, we ordered drinks and dinner, and had a great time. After dinner, I excused myself and left for the restroom, but returned by way of the curtained wall. Now, Gina already knew what I was up to because we usually share everything, especially Max's big cock. But this time we girls just wanted to surprise Max and have a little fun. Gina's role was to pretend that everything was normal and keep the conversation going by teasing Max with little hints about what we were going to do when we got back to the room.

After I slipped through the curtain, I crawled under the cloth-covered table, between Max's legs, and eased myself up to my favorite place. I slowly unzipped his pants, freed his cock, and started licking it, trying not to giggle as I heard him try to hold up his end of the conversation. Gina had her back to the rest of the diners, but poor Max was facing the center of the room—just as I'd planned.

I licked and sucked, pumping him in and out of my mouth. It was funny, listening to Max try to converse with Gina while I gave him a hummer under the table. I love giving him blowjobs. I sucked harder and harder, faster and faster. Max's hands were wrapped in my hair, the better to help with the momentum. I felt him tense up, then his come spilled down my throat.



With my mission complete, I exited through the curtain. When I returned to the table and took my seat, both Max and Gina raised their wine glasses to toast me for a job well-done.

We skipped dessert and headed back to the hotel for more fun. Gina and I went straight to the bedroom, took off our clothes, and began massaging each other with Max's favorite scented oil. When Max came in we invited him to join us, but he was content just to sit on the sidelines and watch, for the moment.

Gina and I were stroking and kissing each other and checking out the growing bulge in Max's jeans.

Gina and I were stroking and kissing each other and checking out the growing bulge in Max's jeans. I knew it wouldn't be long before all three of us were on the bed, but I asked again.

"Come on, baby," I said. "Come play with us." But Max was enjoying being a voyeur too much.

When Gina and I positioned ourselves in a sixty-nine and started licking and finger-fucking each other's pussy, Max finally took out his cock to stroke it. Neither Gina nor I could wait any longer. We grabbed Max, stripped off his clothes, and pulled him down on the bed, then started licking and sucking every inch of his body.

Gina straddled Max and planted her snatch on his face. While Max tongue-fucked her, I rocked myself on his thick cock and kissed Gina. It felt so good to ride him. He's the most giving lover, always letting Gina and me have our way with him, making sure we get off and are totally satisfied.

After Gina and I had come several times, we gave Max a double blowjob. He loves it when we take turns sucking his cock and balls, so that's just what we did, licking and deep-throating him until he shot his massive load all over our faces. It's so messy, but we love it, because then Gina and I get to lap it all up.

We spent the rest of the weekend fucking and sucking, making the most of our getaway.—*N.W., Texas*

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ROAD TRIP

I was on the road with my girlfriend last week, heading to a local beach to meet a bunch of friends for a little swimming and lots of beer drinking. The party rocked well into the night, and was still going strong when we all decided to take things back to the campground a couple of miles away.

Claire and I were at the head of the four-car caravan when we hit the road. We were about five minutes from the campground when I checked in my mirror and saw one of my friends blow a tire and spin out. Thankfully, it was early in the morning and there were few cars on the road. We all pulled over to check out the situation. My friend had a spare tire, but no one seemed to be in a hurry to change it.

It looked like they'd be a while, so I asked my girlfriend what she wanted to do to while we waited. Claire's novel idea, which was to suck me off, made me think of sucking *her* off.

There were several huge boulders on the side of the road and lots of foliage to provide sufficient coverage. Claire grabbed my hand and led me away from the road. We followed a path and stopped behind the farthest rock. I braced myself against it as she pulled down my swim trunks. I was already semi-hard when she lowered her head and sucked my cock deep into her mouth. Her blowjobs are always incredible, and that night was no exception. But I knew that if Claire was as horny as she usually is, she'd be oozing love juice like crazy, and as much as I wanted to fuck her mouth, I also wanted to eat her out.

With our friends several yards away, I made Claire stop just long enough for me to pull down her bikini bottoms. Then I lay down on the ground and had her straddle me in reverse. She thought she was going to ride me, but I pulled her hot, juicy snatch right over my mouth and dragged my tongue between her folds. I love running my tongue up and down her pussy lips, then sucking her clit into my mouth. I felt the tremors ripple through her body as I held her little nub gently between my teeth, applying just the right pressure to bring her pleasure.

Claire's low moans of desire began to escalate in volume as I continued licking and sucking. Then I felt Claire's soft hands on my throbbing dick



before she leaned over and guided me back into her mouth. I moaned around her clit, which caused her to moan and hum around my cock, sending vibrations right down to my toes. I knew that if she kept that up, I was going to blow.

Sometimes Claire and I make a game out of seeing which one of us can hold out the longest before climaxing. Claire usually wins because she plays dirty. She uses little tricks to make me come, like running her nails lightly under my cock, or using feather-light touches around and just behind my balls.

She stroked and bobbed her head up and down my shaft, and I knew I had to throw her off. I swirled my tongue around her clit, then pumped two fingers into her pussy. I made her lose her rhythm, which was okay, but she went down on me to the root and I was deep in her throat—and the loser again.

I pulled her hot, juicy snatch over my mouth and dragged my tongue between her folds.

"Oh, God!" I screamed as my balls tightened and I erupted, spewing hot cream into her mouth.

Claire milked me of every last drop while I groaned, and my thrusts slowed to a halt. She'd outlasted me again, but I knew I'd have another opportunity to challenge her when we reached the campsite.

Meanwhile, I went back to the business at hand, which was to bring Claire to climax. While she squirmed against my reanimated tongue, I worked my fingers in and out of her dripping pussy until she began thrusting back and rolling her hips. Claire's moans seemed to carry through the woods. Our friends might not have heard, but when she finally cried out, "I'm coming!" I was pretty sure they knew what we were doing.

By the time we got back to our friends, the tire still hadn't been changed, but the smell of skunk weed was in the air, which meant I had plenty of time to challenge Claire to another suck-off. What a great camping trip!—*M.R., California*

More letters on page 124



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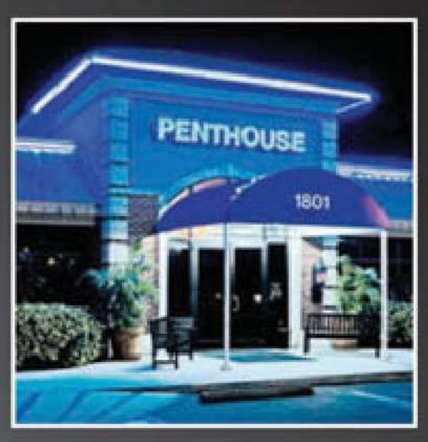
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A RESTORATION TALE

Can the fourth installment of *Pirates of the Caribbean*—about Jack Sparrow's quest for the Fountain of Youth—return the franchise to its former glory? With Johnny Depp captaining the ship, and Keith Richards and Penélope Cruz as hands on deck, this one might have enough wind in its sails.

ILLUSTRATION BY REVEL-INK

Overfamiliar Seas

Johnny Depp returns for yet another installment of the *Pirates of the Caribbean* franchise.

Pirates of the Caribbean: On Stranger Tides
Johnny Depp, Ian McShane, Penélope Cruz

Let the dumb season begin. Frankly, this one could have been called *Pirates of the Caribbean: You Must Have More Money for Us,* and millions would still set sail for their local multiplex. Captain Jack Sparrow is one of the most ridiculously fun characters of modern times: Depp channeling Keith Richards as a pirate—makes perfect sense. (Yet notice how original heroes Orlando Bloom and Keira Knightley have completely fallen out of the picture.) Depp's agreement to get silly for a fourth installment comes with a reported return to the rambling comedy of the first chapter—that is to say, more quicksilver dialogue, less elephantine sequel plod. This installment finds Jack looking for the elusive Fountain of Youth (along with every Hollywood exec), while a new pirate, Blackbeard, provides some fearsome competition in the pursuit. Played by *Deadwood*'s McShane, Blackbeard should cut loose with some salty language. And there's impressive booty on board: Cruz's feisty ship brat, along with a host of scantily clad mermaids. Zombies figure into the story, too. (Yeah, don't ask.) Just as long as Keef makes his cameo and the popcorn is plentiful, there's a strong wind behind us.



Fast Five
Vin Diesel, Dwayne Johnson, Paul Walker

Let's face it: Vin Diesel didn't quite work as a witty James Bond–style spy (*xXx*), a regretful gangster (*Find Me Guilty*), or a sci-fi badass (*The Chronicles of Riddick*). But put the guy behind the wheel of a muscle car and some kind of alchemy happens. The lunkhead seems to know this, too; this fifth installment of *The Fast and the Furious* franchise dramatically ups Vin's highway time, as banks are robbed, getaway cars are revved, and rules of the road are flagrantly violated. And you can see it all happen in IMAX. Our advice: Proceed with caution in the parking lot afterward.



Thor
Natalie Portman, Anthony Hopkins, Chris Hemsworth

If you didn't read the Thor comic books (and honestly, they were among the dorkier ones), here's the 411: The dude's the god of thunder, an actual Norse deity. He's got rage and a hammer. A script's been in development hell for decades, mainly because the main character is kind of a prick, and they've been trying to make him likable. But here's why we think Marvel might have finally licked it: First, they cast Australian Chris Hemsworth, a relative unknown, as the lead (no baggage there). Second, they somehow landed Oscar-nominated director Kenneth Branagh—he of the Shakespearean background—to helm the thing, and the guy definitely knows from grandeur. We're expecting primo pulp.



Everything Must Go
Will Ferrell, Laura Dern, Rebecca Hall

There's nothing wrong with laughing at Will Ferrell—indeed, he's an expert at making us do just that. So why'd he have to go and make a "serious" film? You watch this low-key indie (based on a Raymond Carver short story) about an L.A. alcoholic who loses his job, then camps out on the lawn of his house in misery, and the natural response hangs in your throat. The energy's off; it's an extremely awkward movie, and the presence of such dramatic heavy hitters as Dern and *Frost/Nixon*'s Hall doesn't help. Will, we salute the effort, but please come back to Ron Burgundy.



Hesher
Joseph Gordon-Levitt, Natalie Portman, Rainn Wilson

Partway through Spencer Susser's wildly uneven debut feature about a homeless metalhead crashing a grieving family's life, one character asks another, "What are we *doing*?" The question took on unintended resonance at a recent screening. Susser, who turned heads at Sundance in 2008 with his short *I Love Sarah Jane* (see it on YouTube), here asks viewers to suspend disbelief, endure a meandering pace, and accept some maddening shifts in tone, along with a mostly irritating Gordon-Levitt. Still, *Hesher* delivers a few genuinely moving moments, has a perfectly drab, leached-of-color look that suits its story of loss, and features fine performances from *The Office*'s Wilson, Piper Laurie, and youngster Devin Brochu.—*John Bolster*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (*PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN*) WALT DISNEY/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, (*THOR*) ZADE ROSENTHAL/MARVEL STUDIOS

REVIEW



Duke Nukem Forever

2K Games (Xbox 360, PS3, PC)
★★★★

Attention, all ye grizzled gamers who preordered *Duke Nukem Forever* when it was unveiled in 1997: Your game is ready for pickup. It's finished. Seriously.

"People still don't believe it's really coming out," says Melissa Miller, senior producer at publisher 2K Games. And while this outlandishly late sequel to 1996's classic *Duke Nukem 3D* could never live up to expectations spawned from 14 years of development, it's still a lot of fun ... for a game conceived during the Clinton administration.

Much about this lavishly lewd first-person shooter is a throwback to the days before *Halo* and *BioShock* colored outside the lines of game design. Levels unfold in a linear fashion, with shiny objects leading the player from points A to B while fugly aliens charge into your line of fire. Turret-manning, puzzle-solving, and vehicle-driving sequences provide welcome breathers from the running and gunning, but they're nothing you haven't done in a dozen other games.

The biggest blast from the past is the cigar-chomping hero; he's the unfrozen caveman of videogame heroes, sporting Paleolithic pecs and spouting more pithy catchphrases than you'll hear in Schwarzenegger's entire action oeuvre. Duke's one-liners sound lifted from late-twentieth-century action flicks, but what do you expect? That's when the dialogue was written. Old-schoolers will giggle. Players who were preschoolers when Duke was conceived will shrug their shoulders.

You spend a good hour at the game's outset dicking around in Duke's penthouse apartment. We mean that literally—the game opens over a urinal and prompts you to go with the flow. From there the environmental interactivity is ramped-up with varying degrees of bawdiness. Cook popcorn in the microwave—or zap a rat. Doodle genitalia on a whiteboard. Load up a weight bench and press a few reps. Go a few rounds with the heavy bag. Shoot some pool. Play some pinball. Actions deemed Duke-appropriate boost his ego, which doubles as his health meter. (Enemy attacks "bruise" his ego—get it?) Perusing nudie mags or winning at air hockey pump up his power. Scooping poop from a toilet or switching on an errant vibrator do not. Duke's world is crammed with objects to fiddle with, from slot machines to light switches. When in doubt, try it out.

But the best toys dwell in Duke's arsenal; all the classic weapons—shrink rays, freeze throwers, rocket launchers, chain guns—are back to help our hero save Earth's women from alien abduction (yep, that's the plot). These big guns reach their ultimate potential in the riotous multiplayer death matches. One mode, Capture the Babe, pits two teams in a battle to swipe the other's "Holsum Twin." If you think Mary-Kate and Ashley references are a tad dated for a 2011 game, you're already using too much of your brain to enjoy this.

BY CRISPIN BOYER

PREVIEWS



PORTAL 2

Valve (Xbox 360, PS3, PC)

Once you're done rotting your noggin with *Duke Nukem Forever,* restore your mental agility with this beefed-up sequel to the first-person puzzler. GLaDOS, the auto-tuned artificial-intelligence villainess who promised cake but delivered death to players who solved the first game's riddles, is back with twice the number of topsy-turvy stages, which you escape by thinking outside the three-dimensional box.

And while GLaDOS's cake was a big fat lie, *Portal 2* delivers plenty of sweet stuff, including goopy "repulsion gel" that turns any surface into a trampoline, and a robot sidekick who can't jack into computers until you look the other way. New cooperative missions, meanwhile, offer challenges you'll only surmount by combining brain-power with a pal.



MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL 2K11

2K Games (Xbox 360, PS3, Wii, PC)

Baseball fans who are obsessed with stats (is there any other kind?) will find a kindred spirit in this game, which keeps tabs on the ups and downs of its officially licensed pros and updates their performance at your home. A hotshot pitcher who suffers a slump in the real world, for instance, will start to become a loose cannon on the mound in the game. The creators have addressed the fielding and pitching problems that plagued last year's version, and they overhauled the animation system so that players no longer appear so cybernetic. The action here will look especially authentic to fans who never trek to the ballpark: All the camera perspectives mimic the angles seen on television.



L.A. NOIRE

Rockstar Games (Xbox 360, PS3)

Gamers used to being the bad guy in Rockstar Games' *Grand Theft Auto* series might suffer an identity crisis with this stylish thriller set in the late 1940s. You play a strait-laced LAPD gumshoe investigating a series of murders that corrupt members of your own department don't want solved.

A quick trigger finger and dapper fashion sense will only get you so far. Much of the game boils down to old-fashioned detective work: examining crime scenes and interrogating witnesses. All the characters were created using real actors—more than 300—whose performances were recorded with unprecedented fidelity. Scrutinize suspects for facial tics and shifty eyes to figure out who's dishing up a load of malarkey.

BY ANDY GREENWALD

DVDs

Fight the Good Fight

Violence erupts in a variety of ways in these new releases.
By Barbara Rice Thompson







THE FIGHTER

Hollywood has been very, very good to boxing, and boxing has been very, very good to Hollywood, from *The Set-Up* and *On the Waterfront* to *Raging Bull* and *Rocky* to *Girlfight* and *Cinderella Man* and *The Hurricane*. (Not to mention the incredible documentaries *When We Were Kings* and *Unforgivable Blackness: The Rise and Fall of Jack Johnson*.) This year's dramatic TKO carries on that grand tradition, and like many of those films, boxing serves as a backdrop to a larger theme, in this case family. Mark Wahlberg is surprisingly convincing as rough-and-tumble boxer Micky Ward, but all the acting Oscar nominations were well-deserved, as was the nod for director David O. Russell for bringing them about. Melissa Leo is simply amazing as Micky's overbearing mother, and—to borrow her acceptance-speech parlance—makes it look so fucking easy; Amy Adams is adorable and sexy and feisty in the frequently thankless job of love interest. But in many ways this is Christian Bale's show, and the actor disappears into the character completely. Dicky's not the most admirable guy here, but Bale does an admirable job bringing him to life.



THE GREEN HORNET

So, we have a rich guy fighting crime using a secret identity, an associate who assists in those endeavors, and a supercool vehicle with lots of attached weaponry.... Sounds familiar, but even if Seth Rogen is now almost as thin as Christian Bale, this is not another installment of *Batman*. The rich guy is more overgrown frat boy than suave man-about-town, the companion is more ass-kicker than father figure, and the car is, well, we'll just say it: Adding machine guns, missiles, and a flame thrower to a 1960's lowrider is way cooler than adding shit to a military prototype (although Batman has plenty of other accessories that we highly covet). The movie doesn't exactly overwhelm with high-quality drama, but it did entertain us. It also left us with one burning question: Since Kato kicks the ass and takes the names, and built Black Beauty, shouldn't he be the title character?



TAXI DRIVER: 35TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

See Travis Bickle (Robert De Niro) lose his shit all over again in Martin Scorsese's newly remastered seventies masterpiece, which will explode on your screen in high-def glory in this new Blu-ray release. Bonus material includes a "script-to-screen" feature (so you can see how much the actors ad-libbed), Scorsese's original 1986 commentary track with writer Paul Schrader, a behind-the-scenes featurette, a documentary discussing the film's far-reaching influence, and animated photo galleries.—*Sarah Walker*

BY ANDY GREENWALD



LIVE FAST, DIE NEVER

Foo Fighters return to high-octane rawk on their seventh album.

FOO FIGHTERS
Wasting Light
RCA
★★★★

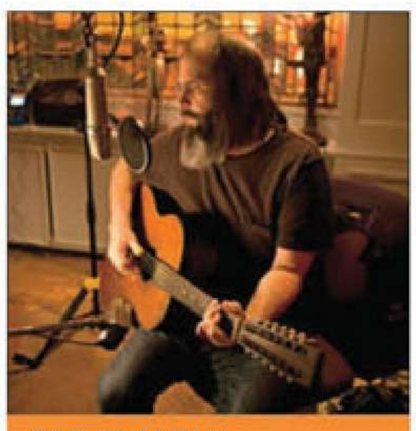
"My past is getting us nowhere fast/ I was never one for taking things slow." Dave Grohl sings these words late on Foo Fighters' seventh album, but backs them up throughout. Having gotten various midcareer bugs out of his system (acoustic noodling, greatest-hits collections, Norah Jones duets), Grohl sounds reborn here, welcoming old Nirvana amigo Pat Smear back into the fold and rocking out as if his life depended on it. And maybe it does: "I never want to die!" he exults on album-ender "Walk," after revving his personal Motörhead to outrageous levels on the sinister, hilarious "White Limo" and, on "Arlandria," perfecting the heavy melodies that sprung him from the nineties in the first place. Never unplug; never surrender.



OKKERVIL RIVER
I Am Very Far
Jagjaguwar
★★★



Okkervil River's Will Sheff is a man in love—but not with anything as trite as another person, or even fame or expensive drugs. No, Sheff is in love with language, and *I Am Very Far,* his band's sixth album, might be the wordy Texan's great American novel—er, audiobook. Literate rave-ups like "Rider" and "Wake and Be Fine" stack layers of excess verbiage atop waves of crescendoing instrumentation: The results are wondrous, wobbling Jenga towers of babble. But slinky standout "Piratess" is scantily clad in nothing more than a negligee-esque bass line. Sometimes a little less is a lot more.



STEVE EARLE
I'll Never Get Out of This World Alive
New West
★★



There is much to admire about Steve Earle, from his passionate activism to his triumph over drugs and alcohol. The seasoned 56-year-old limns his folksy tunes with the sort of hard truths that only hard living can provide. Unfortunately, admirable does not always translate into enjoyable. Produced in typically hushed, bordering-on-embalmed fashion by T-Bone Burnett, these ten spare, well-constructed songs touch on political hypocrisy ("Little Emperor"), religion ("God Is God"), and the Deepwater Horizon oil spill ("The Gulf of Mexico"). The result may be noble but it's definitely dull—like being suffocated by an NPR tote bag.



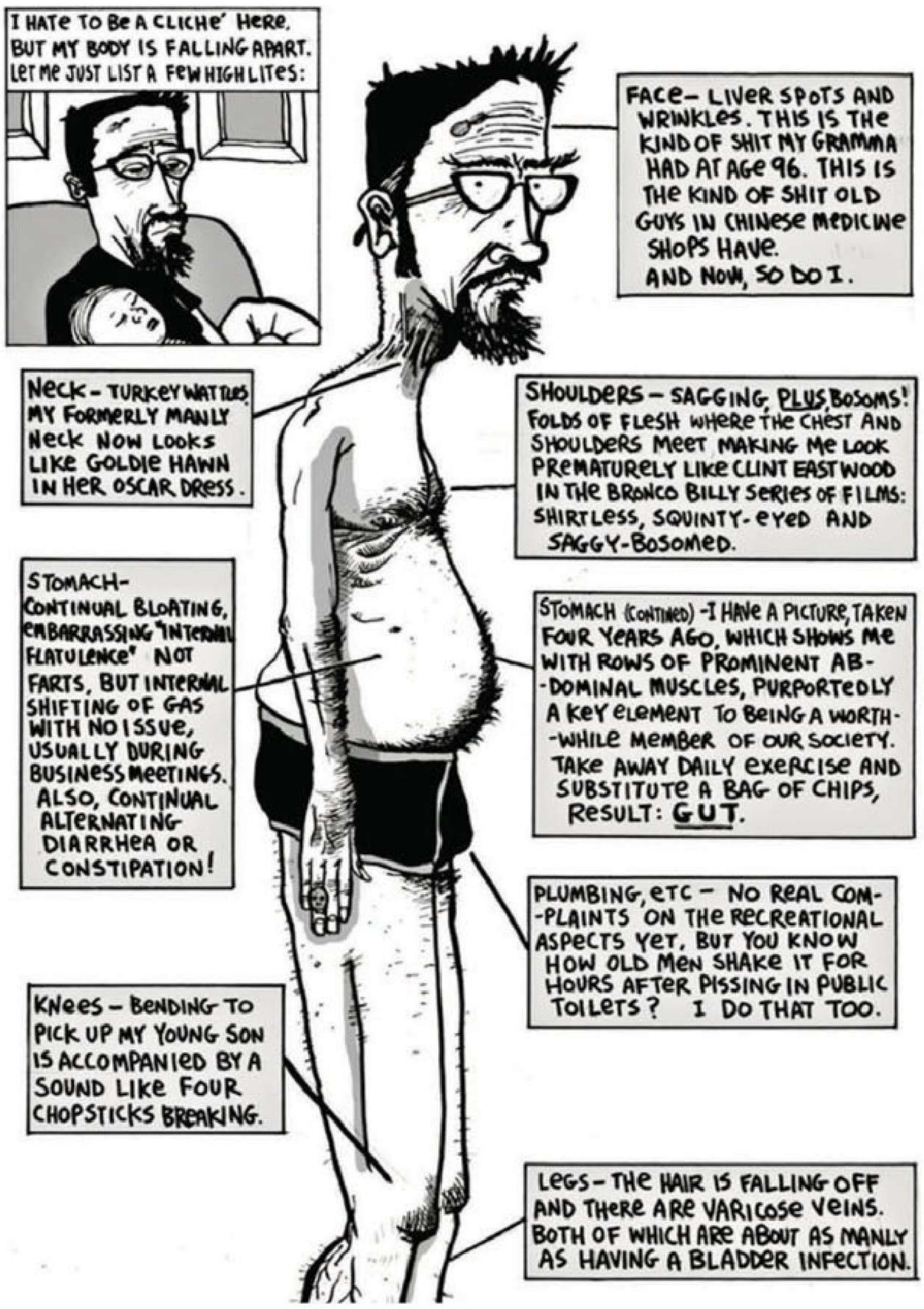
COLD CAVE
Cherish the Light Years
Matador
★★



Wesley Eisold is a Renaissance man—the former leader of influential hardcore bands American Nightmare/Give Up the Ghost is also a poet who maintains his own publishing house—but his tastes run decidedly to the gothic. Cold Cave, his semi-solo project, traffics in doomy new-wave dirges: icicle synthesizer stabs, brooding vocals seemingly lifted from old Joy Division tapes. The band's second album is extremely good at dredging up a nostalgic gloom. But the retro-despair can be suffocating, as when he sobs, "I've been breathing in my black lung," on "Burning Sage." Get out and get some fresh air, son.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (FOO FIGHTERS) STEVE GULLICK, (OKKERVIL RIVER) ALEXANDRA VALENTI, (STEVE EARLE) TED BARRON, (COLD CAVE) SEBASTIAN MLYNARSKI

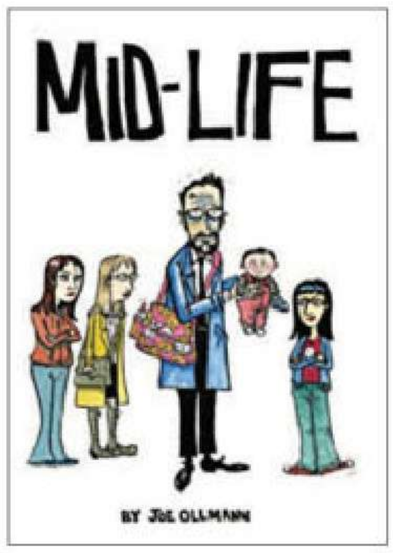
BY RACHEL KRAMER BUSSEL



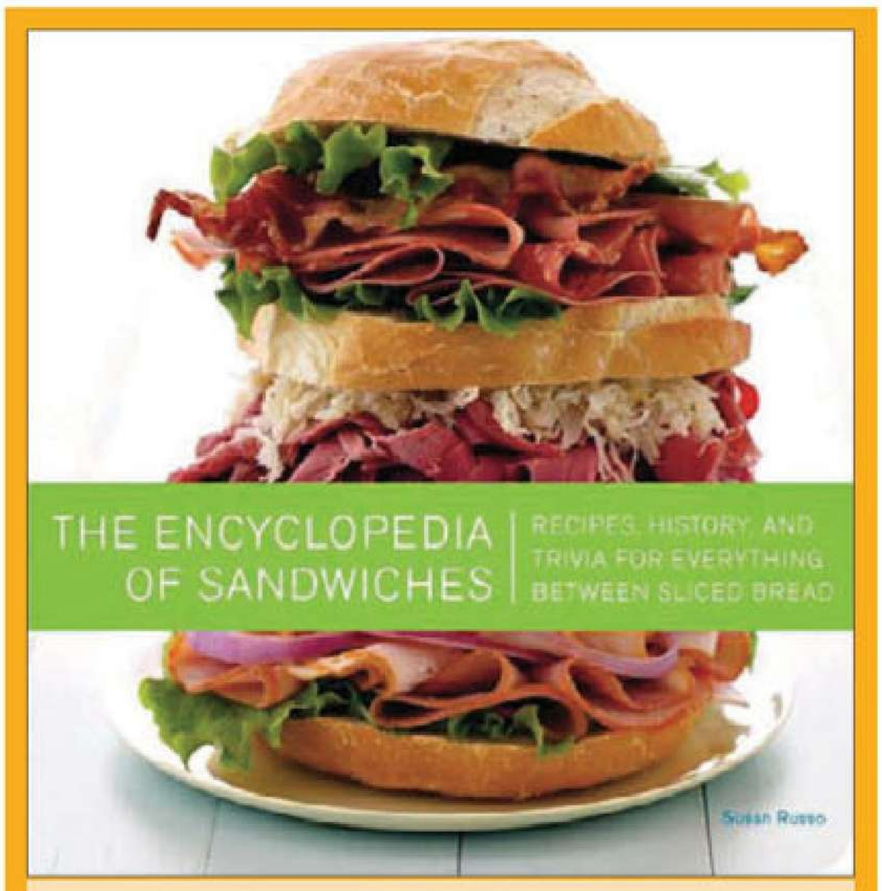
Over the Hill

A new illustrated book takes humorous aim at life on the wrong side of 40.

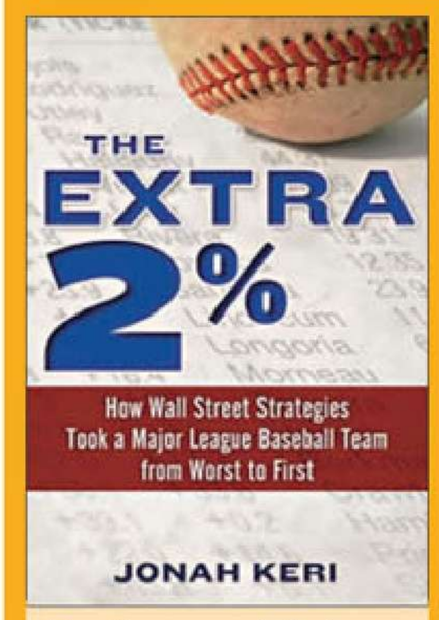
Mid-Life
By Joe Ollmann



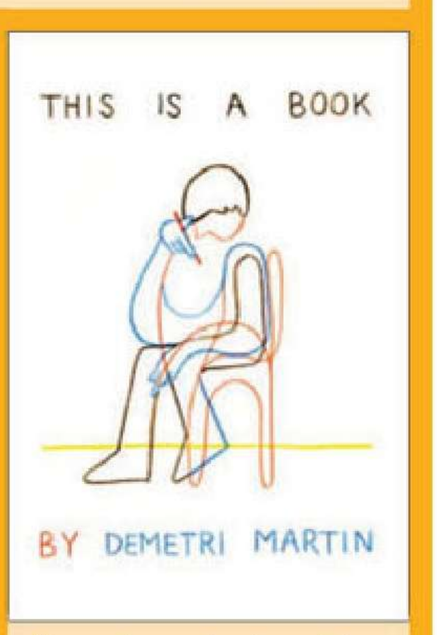
Middle age is not pretty—at least, not according to Ollmann in this illustrated book from Drawn & Quarterly, which chronicles the life and times of a fictionalized, fat-slob Ollmann alter ego. Dismayed that his life has become about babies rather than babes, he gets the hots for a woman he sees in his son's music videos. Soon he's living out what might be every dad's fantasy. Ollmann's saggy protagonist is far from sexy, but his "how did I get here?" tale is amusing and probably relatable for many dads.



The most challenging aspect of Susan Russo's delightful contribution to the genre of food porn (from Quirk Books) is figuring out which sandwich you must have ASAP. Is it the Minneapolis-inspired "Jucy Lucy," a cheese-filled hamburger? Or maybe the crab melt? Sweets lovers get treats like a pound-cake sandwich and a banana split. Even your basic peanut butter gets an upgrade (PB and bacon ... or mayo, Nutella, or pickles?). Our personal favorite is their waffle/egg/bacon/hash-brown breakfast sandwich. Best of all, this is a cookbook for those who don't like to cook; everything seems—dare we say it—easy. It's guaranteed to make you hungry—and offer the perfect solution to satisfy that hunger.



Penthouse contributor Keri covers all the bases in this entertaining, well-researched account (from Ballantine/ESPN Books) of the Tampa Bay Rays' transformation from MLB doormats to AL champs. A trio of Wall Street hotshots with no baseball experience turned the trick, practically overnight, using a minutely detailed business plan that drew on their experience in high finance while defying much of the Grand Old Game's musty received wisdom.—*John Bolster*



Comedy can be tough to shift from stage to page, but Martin's endlessly clever style makes the transition seamlessly in this collection from Grand Central Publishing. Blending hilarious essays, ingenious drawings, and absurd lists, he has great fun with hospital dramas, Socrates (and his publicist), and fortune-cookie messages ("You will die in a hilarious way"). Other highlights include a eulogy to a douchey friend, and the LOL essay "Who Am I?" Top-notch.

HOOK UP

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HERE COMES THE SS

Super Sport doesn't begin to describe the muscle behind the 2011 Bugatti Veyron. With two tons and 1,200 horsepower at your disposal, you'll feel like you rule the road.

By Nick Hall


BUGATTI







At one time, the Bugatti Veyron was the fastest, most powerful, most expensive, most near-perfect production car in the world. It was considered a landmark in engineering and the best of its class. Not anymore.

Bugatti has topped itself with the Super Sport. According to the French marque, this new creation was a direct response to customer demand for a more extreme machine. It doesn't hurt that Pierre-Henri Raphanel took it to 268 miles per hour, reclaiming the production-car speed record that was briefly snatched by the Shelby Super Cars Ultimate Aero in 2007.

And though this Super Sport is a middle finger to the world as it stands right now—an economic and environmental Antichrist—that's a problem for lesser minds to worry about. The Veyron Super Sport isn't so much a car as it is a teleporter, as a mere tickle of the throttle makes it eat up road. Mash the right pedal and 1,183-brake horsepower (that's 1,200 horsepower) is unleashed on the road. Most 1,000-brake horsepower cars would simply spin into the nearest tree if handled that way. The Super Sport measures every ounce of the 1,106 foot-pounds of torque and takes off like a bullet.

But it's so much more than the headline numbers. It storms past 62 mph in 2.5 seconds, 125 mph in 6.7 seconds, and 185 mph in 14.6 seconds—four seconds faster than the "stock" Veyron. Customer cars, sadly, are limited to 258 mph to save the tires, which will cannibalize themselves in 15 minutes at full speed. Perhaps it's lucky that the car runs out of fuel in 12. The Veyron Super Sport's majesty lies in the fact that you will run out of nerve, police goodwill, and freedom long before the car runs out of puff.

There is a new aero setup, and under the skin the car gets four bigger turbos, revised cooling to cope with the W-16 (a 16-cylinder piston internal-combustion engine), a quad turbocharged furnace mounted in the middle, a new exhaust, and trick suspension. Even the monocoque sports a lighter, more expensive variety of carbon fiber. They may be small changes, but they add up.

The eight-liter powerhouse explodes into life with noticeably more aggression than the old car. While the 1,001-horsepower version settled into a near-sedate idle, the Super Sport pulsates, throbs, and cusses. But when it comes time to roll and you shift into drive, the Super Sport pulls away smoothly, which is incredible considering how much torque it must contain.

Within minutes we're doing stupid speeds on single-track roads, but the car is imperious and hides its more than two tons of mass (that's 4,052 pounds). The weight evaporates at the apex and the car dances through bends with Olympic grace.

Though you'd never even think of driving the Veyron sideways (it's just too good for those shenanigans), it will crush each corner and blow through faster than any other car could manage. And that's without sinking into handling mode, which drops the front end to the deck, lifts the rear wing, and opens up a whole new can of crazy.

When we hit the long straight, my passenger, development legend Loris Bicocchi, gives me the metaphorical wink. I plant it; the car kicks down three gears and launches down the road. We hit the 1,200-hp point, and apart from a vicious shudder at 5,000 rpm as the traction control stops the turbo boost from melting the tires, the acceleration is like a constant, violent wave.

With the traction control off, apparently, all four wheels will pour out smoke at this point and melt the Michelin rubber. Then again, if you can afford the $2.2 million price tag for the base car, $2.5 million for the naked carbon-fiber car I drove, or $2.73 million for one of five black-and-orange World Record editions, fuel and rubber costs are little-people problems.

It's a sad fact that only 300 Bugatti Veyrons will be built (only 30 of those will be Super Sports), and as the original was well beyond the driving skills of mere mortals, the extra speed is more about bragging rights than necessity.

Still, this is a new landmark, the new benchmark by which all other cars will be measured. Not one will come close.

SPECIFICATIONS	
Body style	Two-door coupe
Engine	Eight-liter W-16 Quad turbo
Power	1,200 horsepower
Torque	1,106 foot-pounds
Transmission	Seven-speed DSG, automated manual paddle shift
Front tires	265/35 R 20
Rear tires	365/30 R 21
Curb weight	4,052 pounds

PERFORMANCE	
0–60	2.5 seconds
Top speed	258 mph
Fuel capacity	26.4 gallons
EPA mpg	7.6 city/18.9 highway
Base price	$2.5 million







MIDDLEWEIGHT THUNDER

This muscular, advanced V-twin stands out in a sea of inline fours.

By Bill Heald



When it comes to a great all-around sport bike, it's hard to beat the middleweight class. Years ago you really needed at least 1,000 ccs of displacement to deliver serious muscle to the pavement, but enormous strides in technology mean engines of much smaller size (and lighter weight) are now delivering the horsepower that used to be found only with the big boys. This class of lithe, dynamic motorcycles has been dominated for years by 600-cc inline fours, which are incredibly intoxicating but have a very similar feel to one another and can be on the buzzy side at higher speeds.

Enter the Aprilia 750 Shiver. This beautiful naked sport bike is not only loaded with as much (or more) high-tech engineering as the competition, at its heart it has a different type of engine that gives it a unique personality that separates it from the pack. Instead of a high-spinning quartet of pistons, the Shiver has a 90-degree V-twin that delivers the acceleration and torque you need to haul ass down your favorite canyon blacktop, yet has a more relaxed cadence and a wonderfully charismatic exhaust note. Instead of shrieking like a banshee at full song like the fours, this mill has a deeper, more thunderous presence that gets under your skin in the best possible way. This particular V-twin is as contemporary as a motorcycle engine gets, with liquid cooling, four-valve heads, and a feature that is truly cutting-edge: multi-map integral Ride by Wire technology (engineered via the experience gleaned through the development of Aprilia's world-champion RSV4 superbike).

By multi-map, we're talking about three rider-selected performance settings: Sport, Touring, and Rain. Touring is pretty much an ideal mode for all-around riding, whereas Sport gives you more abrupt power delivery, and Rain flattens out the power curve to help prevent excessive wheel spin on wet pavement. Regardless of setting, the Shiver has abundant low-end grunt and is one of those rare bikes that is satisfying for experienced riders, yet user-friendly for novices. The vibration is low in frequency and never a bother around town, but the engine does make its presence felt in the bars and pegs at speeds of 70 miles per hour and above.

The chassis of the Shiver starts with a meticulously engineered hybrid frame, using both tube-trellis and stamped-aluminum-plate elements to fortify rigidity yet keep weight to a minimum. This—in combination with a tight wheelbase and taut suspension—delivers really quick steering (ideal in urban environments), yet high-speed stability is exemplary over fast, bump-strewn curves.

Finally, the feature that truly brings everything together is the Aprilia's brilliant ergonomics. The pegs are high enough for a sporting crouch, but the bars are close enough to keep the weight off your wrists and the saddle is unusually accommodating. The soulful V-twin is enough to make the Shiver impressive, but it's the whole package that makes it shine in an already stellar class.





SPECIFICATIONS	
Engine type	Liquid-cooled 90-degree V-twin
Bore x stroke	92 mm x 56.4 mm
Displacement	749.9 cc
Fuel system	Ride by Wire integrated engine control
Ignition	Digital electronic integrated with fuel-injection system
Transmission	Six speed
Front suspension	43-mm male slider forks
Rear suspension	Single shock, rebound and preload adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 320-mm discs
Rear brake	Single 240-mm disc
Front tire	120/70-ZR17
Rear tire	180/55-ZR17
Fuel tank	Four-gallon capacity
Wheelbase	56.7 inches
Seat height	31.5 inches
Dry weight	416.7 pounds
Base price	$9,499



SHINY OBJECTS

Entertain yourself with tools and toys you never knew you needed.

By Crispin Boyer

1 9 Series laptop

Samsung • Starting at $1,600

Apple's MacBook Air no longer holds a monopoly on svelte and sexy. The 13-inch 9 Series is nearly the same weight (2.9 pounds) and wafer thinness, while its black "duralumin" alloy chassis looks like something a stealth-fighter pilot would yank out of his cockpit. The 9 Series' guts are glorious. Its second-generation Core i5 processor can turbo boost to 2.3 gigahertz, and the integrated graphics chip is punchy enough for high-end gaming and video-processing applications. The dazzling and sharp screen is easily viewable from any angle. Despite its muscle, the 9 Series lasts more than six hours on a single charge. That's slightly less staying power than a MacBook Air, but it'll still give you plenty of time to catch Apple fanatics coveting your Windows 7 powerhouse.

2 Sprint MiFi 3G/4G mobile hot spot

Novatel Wireless • $50 plus two-year Sprint contract

Switch on this credit-card-size Wi-Fi hot spot in the park or coffee shop, become a walking internet-service provider, and see how many laptop-toting cuties introduce themselves. Its simple one-touch, software-free interface lets you connect up to five Wi-Fi-enabled devices—including Windows and Mac laptops, Kindles, and gaming systems—anywhere in Sprint's coverage area. Download speeds top out at a zippy ten megabytes per second on the 4G network, and about a third that at 3G-data rates. The battery provides four hours of service per charge.











3 3-D Bloggie video camera

Sony • $250

Paris Hilton and Kim Kardashian both have impressive bodies of work in the sex-tape genre, but imagine the eye-popping performances they could have captured with Sony's 3-D Bloggie cam. The Bloggie, which is about the size of a pack of smokes, has dual lenses that record up to two hours of high-definition 3-D video (or 3-D snapshots), viewable on any 3-D-capable television. Better still, the built-in 2.4-inch touch screen displays 3-D footage without the need for special glasses. It's able to record up to eight hours of 2-D high-def video, and packs features like face detection and a low-light mode, making it more than a 3-D novelty act.

4 Echo ZX backup drive

Lexar • $100

In a few years, we'll look back at this thumbnail-size USB drive and giggle at its outlandish girth and mere 32 gigabytes of storage, but for now this itty-bitty backup solution delivers ample space, fast access speed, and a no-fuss interface. Just plug the little flash drive into your PC or Mac, specify which files and folders you want backed up, and quit worrying about losing data. The Echo drive continuously and automatically backs up your documents, so you'll always have the latest version available in the event of a crash. The built-in encryption system means no one will discover your dirty secrets if you accidentally discard the drive with your pocket lint.

5 Atrix 4G smartphone

Motorola • $200 plus two-year AT&T contract

Motorola is billing it as the world's most powerful smartphone—exactly the type of hype that buries the needle on our bullshit meter. But in this case, there's truth in the advertising. This sleek phone that's powered by a one-gigahertz dual-core processor with one gigabyte of RAM rivals a midrange laptop in power and performance. In fact, a $500 laptop dock turns the Atrix into a full-fledged notebook. But with a CPU built specifically to load Flash-based websites faster than other phones—plus enough horsepower to run console-worthy 3-D games—the Atrix doesn't need any accoutrements to live up to its hype. Let's just hope AT&T's 4G network can live up to the phone's potential.

6 Conserve Insight energy monitor

Belkin • $30

"Knowledge is power," a wise man once said. The opposite is true with this. Just insert the pass-through plug into any outlet and connect it to anything from home-theater components to major appliances. The digital readout shows how many gigawatts your gadgets are gulping and their cost of operation broken down by month and year. See how much you *really* pay to play *Modern Warfare 2*. Tweak your fridge's temperature settings to save serious lettuce. Learn what that empty phone charger on your desk is costing you. The money you save will pay for this gizmo in no time.

7 Rockus 3-D speaker system

Soundscience • $250

The Rockus delivers full-range sound and a hearty home-theater experience in a compact two-speaker (plus subwoofer) package that won't invite retribution from the neighbors. It converts a stereo signal into a surprisingly convincing 3-D soundscape for movies and games. A dedicated music mode faithfully reproduces crisp highs, deep lows, and everything in between. If you do want to rattle the rafters, the aluminum enclosures can handle max volume without vibration-induced distortion. A variety of optical and analog inputs makes it easy to rock the Rockus with gaming systems, Blu-ray players, or PCs.





The Rockus 3-D system delivers full-range sound in a compact package that won't invite retribution from the neighbors.



Day Tripping

Traveling shouldn't be complicated, but you'll encounter plenty of obstacles just trying to get through airport security. To help you out, we've rounded up some items that'll make your next trip a breeze. Bon voyage!

By Deirdre Goldbeck

1 SCOTTeVEST

Scottevest.com • SeV Revolution jacket: $175; Travel Vest: $100

This company's attention-grabbing ads advising travelers to "beat the system" and "avoid baggage fees" were almost as unique as the multipocketed clothing it produces.

The SeV Revolution jacket has an amazing 26 pockets, including some with clear-touch interiors for electronics, and even one that'll house an iPad. It's completely waterproof yet breathable, and has magnetic closures and a removable hood and sleeves. The special no-bulge design keeps the jacket lines smooth, even if you use all the pockets. Best of all, just take off the jacket and you'll sail through security, unlike the poor saps who have to empty their pockets of cameras, change, glasses, keys, MP3 players, and so on. The Travel Vest is water- and stain-repellent, and boasts 22 pockets. It has the same no-bulge design, with designated pockets for electronics and other specialty items. The Revolution comes in black, and the Travel Vest comes in black, red rock, and desert sand. Both are machine washable and come in a range of sizes, from small to extra-extra-extra-large.





2 VIOlight travel toothbrush sanitizer

Violight.com • $30

Leaving your toothbrush unprotected is an open invitation to every airborne contaminant within a six-foot radius. VIOlight's travel toothbrush comes in a compact case with a sanitizing UV light that remains on for six minutes, eliminating 99 percent of germs. You can replace the toothbrush with any that fits in the case, or use it with the brush head from your electric toothbrush. It runs on two AA batteries; the UV bulb lasts up to 2,000 hours.

3 Samsonite Compressor carry-on

Samsonite.com • Premier carry-on: $300; Travel Sentry card key lock: $15

The Compressor is a 21-inch carry-on that you can stuff to the gills with everything you need. Once you've filled it, close the lid and press down to compress the bag to the regulation carry-on size. It has in-line skate wheels for easy transport, a telescopic handle, and leather carry handles. Weight restrictions? What weight restrictions?

The TSA-recognized keyless security lock operates with the swipe of a hole-punched card. Each lock is made of tough zinc alloy and comes with two cards: wallet- and key-chain-size. The locks come in bright colors like neon green and pagoda blue, or more traditional hues like black, red pepper, and silver. Just think—no more forgotten combinations or lost keys.

4 Balanzza digital luggage scale

Balanzza.com • $25

When it comes to packing, a few extra pounds can easily translate into a lot of extra bucks. Take the surprise out of airport check-ins and tip the scales in your favor with this mini lightweight digital scale. Just fasten the strap to your bag, lift, and listen for the beep. Set the bag down and read the display. The scale itself weighs just over three pounds and will display weights up to 100 pounds. Take it with you if you're thinking about picking up a few souvenirs.

5 Klean Kanteen wide-mouth insulated bottle

KleanKanteen.com • 20 ounce: $28; 16 ounce: $26; 12 ounce: $23

This double-walled, BPA-free, stainless-steel bottle is perfect for keeping things at just the right temperature. Hot stuff stays steaming for six hours and cold things stay frosty for 24 hours. The wide-mouth opening lets you load it up with food, and makes it easy to clean. And don't worry about spills—swap the café cap for the loop cap (shown below) and it's leakproof.

6 Dakine waterproof duffle

Dakine.com • $110

Whether your itinerary includes deep-sea fishing off the coast of Maine or a rum-filled pirate cruise in the Caribbean, this roomy duffle with waterproof welded seams and a roll-top closure will ensure your dry goods stay dry. It's made of sturdy 420-denier polyurethane-coated nylon, has an external zippered compartment, measures 23 by 16 by 12 inches (that's 4,600 cubic inches), weighs two pounds, and comes in blue or charcoal.



SCOUNDREL



SEX OR SAUCE

Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to negotiate a shared-vacation truce that will ramp up your girl's sex drive.

Illustration by Celia Calle

I'm a barbecue aficionado in Canton, Ohio, where there's no decent 'cue to speak of. But I have a Weber bullet in the backyard and I'm constantly upping my game. I've always dreamed of hitting one of the big barbecue fests, and this year I decided to get down to Memphis in May's World Championship Barbecue Cooking Contest. Problem is, my girlfriend and I have family obligations every summer that result in very little vacation time for the two of us, and she doesn't want to blow this year's one free week watching me 'cue up. She thinks I have an unhealthy obsession with barbecue (guilty as charged!), and watching me slurp down ribs makes her gag. Okay, so maybe I've gained a few pounds over the past year, and maybe my farts smell like a Texas smokehouse, but barbecue is my life's passion. She finally said she'd go with me if I prove how much I want it by going without sex till then, and she's even going to stop trimming her bush and start wearing Mickey Mouse pajamas to bed. I should also mention that she wants to go shopping in New York City—not exactly a destination for smoked pig.

I hate to say it, big man, but as far as your girl goes, I'm going to have to use the C-word: compromise. And I don't mean compromise by putting your dick on hiatus for two months. That's punishment, not compromise. Do you really want to be applying a "dry rub" to yourself for that long? I don't think so. But your girlfriend clearly hates barbecue with a burning passion, and descending into the inner circle of fire pits is going to be hell for her. Instead of breaking her heart via a greasy orgy of swine, tell her you'll give up the dream this time around, but next year she's going to have to let you do the 'cue, whether it's with her or your boys. Trust me, dude, she'll end up thanking you for bending to her whims, hopefully by bending to your dick, and instead of being cut off, you'll get even more sex than usual.

As for this year, find some place that's good for splurging on clothes *and* gorging on meat. Buenos Aires has some of the best steak in the world, and she can score dirt-cheap leather boots all over town. Brazil is becoming a real fashion capital, and the all-you-can-eat steak *rodízios* are legendary. And if you're hell-bent on good old American barbecue, New York City ain't so bad. You can get a sampling of Texas, St. Louis, and other styles at places like Hill Country, Dinosaur Bar-B-Que, and Blue Smoke, all of which have live music to entertain your girl while you stuff your gullet. Heck, Dinosaur even has girlie drinks. Maybe you'll even lose those pounds you've put on by walking around the city. Just make sure you draw the line at musicals.

BACK TO THE FUTURE

It's been 200 years, but the not-so Old-Fashioned is still a cocktail to savor.

By Meaghan Dorman



PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF NY SUMMIT BAR MIXOLOGIST GREG SEIDER

Every good foundation starts with a brick. In the cocktail world, that brick is the Old-Fashioned, a simple blend of sugar, bitters, water, and spirit that later led to the Manhattan and the Martini. In the 1800s, when men drank a whole lot more and the misguided theory of Prohibition hadn't yet been conceived, rye whiskey was the popular choice. In those days, when you needed something hearty to brace yourself against the long, laborious days, a dash of sugar to take the edge off the whiskey, bitters to protect your stomach, and a bit of dilution to help it go down was just the ticket. If you asked for a cocktail, an Old-Fashioned is what you got. Today, that concoction is just one of thousands of mixed drinks to choose from.

Then came 1920—the dawn of the Prohibition era. Along with all the *Boardwalk Empire*–esque crime and glamour, there was a major bastardization of cocktails. Skilled bartenders left the country, booze was made from anything and everything, and mixed drinks were concocted simply to cover up caustic hooch. When Prohibition was repealed and the Old-Fashioned reappeared, it had the addition of muddled orange and neon-red cherries, and usually a splash of club soda. Not exactly the best way to appreciate whiskey.

But in case you missed the news flash, we're in the midst of a cocktail renaissance. Bartenders are bringing back the classics and making them with quality spirits and realistic proportions. You can get the Old-Fashioned made the old-fashioned way: just a sugar cube, bitters, good American rye, and water in the form of a nice chunk of ice. Add a little citrus zest and you've got a piece of bygone times—a drink made to sip so you can shrug off the day's stress.

"It's the father of all cocktails," says Michael McIlroy, a longtime bartender at New York City's cocktail mecca Milk & Honey. "It's also how I judge new whiskies when I try them. If it makes a good Old-Fashioned, it's worthwhile." While the standard choice is rye, any quality whiskey can make a solid drink. Bartenders' love for the Old-Fashioned has led not only to the use of other spirits, but to the birth of new cocktails. A Oaxaca Old-Fashioned uses mezcal and *reposado* tequila with agave nectar as the sweetener, and the Benton's Old-Fashioned at PDT (Please Don't Tell) in New York City uses maple syrup and a bacon-fat-washed bourbon. McIlroy and his coworker, Richard Boccato, spun the classic into the American Trilogy, using orange bitters, a brown-sugar cube, and equal parts rye whiskey and Laird's bonded apple brandy.

The point of the original—and the cocktails it inspired—is to highlight the spirit without overwhelming it, and though the combination of bitter and sweet adds a bit of complexity, the spirit is still the backbone of the drink. While the current trend is for flavors and infusions to run amok in cocktails, this one keeps it simple in the best way. But in case you need another reason to stir up this classic masterpiece, take McIlroy's advice: "Every Old-Fashioned you drink makes life a bit better."

OLD-FASHIONED

Ingredients:

- **One sugar cube**
- **Two healthy dashes of Angostura bitters**
- **Two ounces rye whiskey**
- **One solid piece of ice**

Combine all ingredients in a rocks glass and stir. Garnish with a lemon and orange peel, squeezing the citrus oil on the drink first.





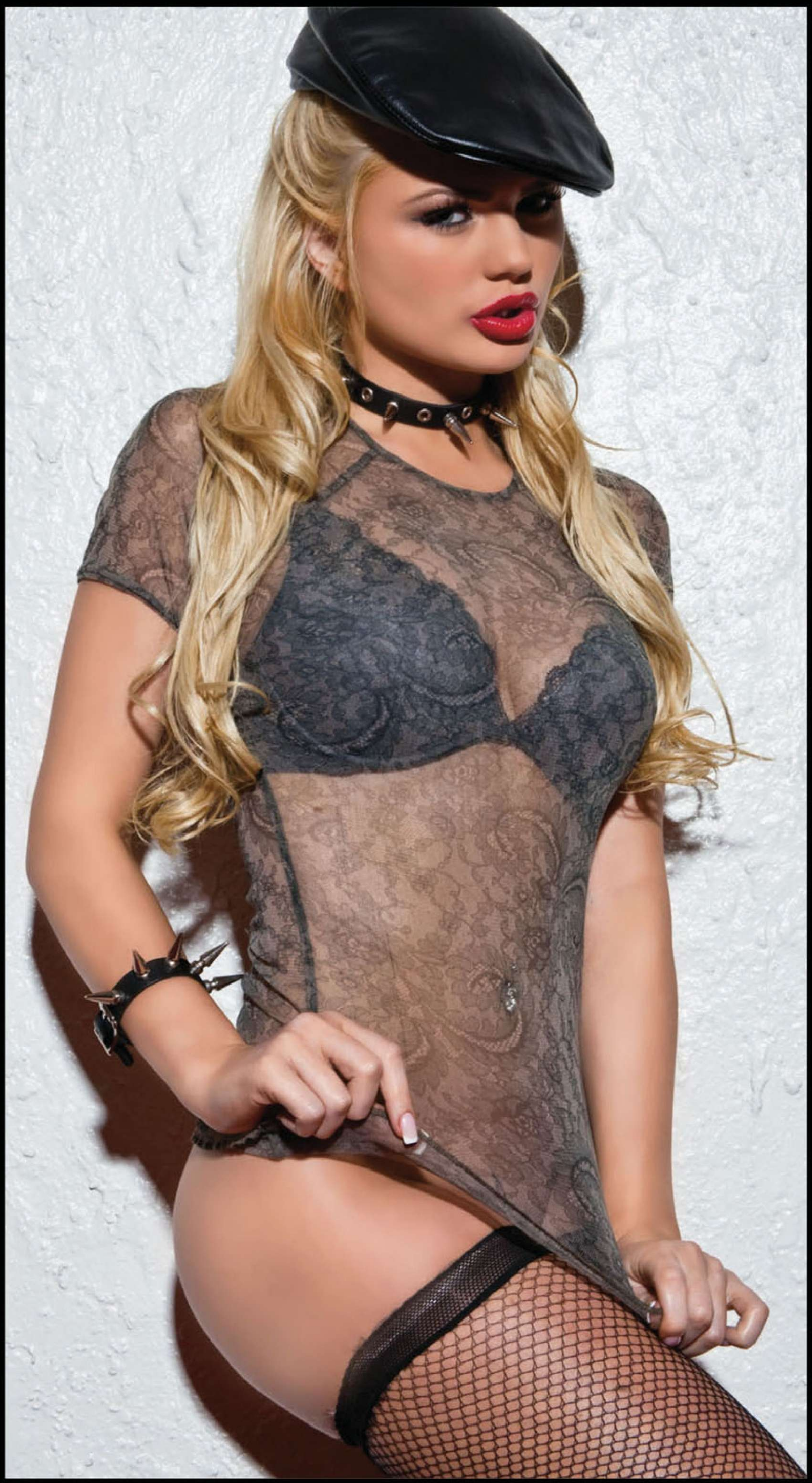
from our red-hot dreams

Twenty-two-year-old Alexis Ford has inspired countless nocturnal adventures of ours. Sadly, the 36-25-34 beauty has participated only in our dreams. Now we're thrilled to welcome her into our pages.

Photographs by Christopher Love



"My favorite thing about being a porn star is that I get to have sex and get paid for it, and it's legal. Plus, I get to travel all over the country meeting fans."





"I don't think I can pick one movie sex scene that's better than any other, but Halle Berry is fucking hot in *Swordfish*. She definitely turns me on."

"I once got fucked in my ass in the bathroom of a nightclub. It was *sooo* fucking hot because it was just so wrong. Then I got on my knees and he shot his load in my mouth."



“I would love to be a rock star in a band like Nirvana. It would be so much fun to be constantly surrounded by a bunch of groupies who want to fuck me!”

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POSTCARD FROM RUSSIA



Life in the rough-and-tumble Kontinental Hockey League, Russia's answer—and hopeful rival—to the NHL.

By Noah Davis

Deron Quint has a problem. The Kontinental Hockey League All-Star Game starts in 48 hours, and he doesn't know yet if he's playing in it. "Yeah, I'm not sure," he says, chuckling. "My team is waiting to get ahold of me or something. Like most things here, you never know until the last minute."

Quint, a native of Durham, New Hampshire, is one of a handful of Americans playing in the KHL, Russia's top hockey circuit and an organization that hopes to one day compete with the National Hockey League for the planet's best players. Since emerging from the ashes of the Russian Superleague in 2008, the KHL has set about realizing those hopes in its own unique way.

Robert Esche, an American goalie who did stints with the NHL's Phoenix Coyotes and Philadelphia Flyers before jumping to Russia in 2007, corroborates Quint's assessment of the KHL: "[Crazy stuff] happens to you every day. The stuff that happens over here doesn't happen in any other league."

There are 24 teams in the KHL, and they play a 56-game season that runs from September through February, with playoffs stretching through March and into April. They compete for the Gagarin Cup, so named because it was first presented on April 12, 2009, the 48th anniversary of the day that Yuri Gagarin became the first human being to journey into outer space. There had been talk of naming the trophy after Anatoli Tarasov, the "father of Soviet hockey," but the KHL went with the cosmonaut. Which, as you will soon see, makes perfect sense.

Did we say there are 24 teams in the league? Well, *usually* there are. This year, only 23 squads are vying for the Gagarin. Lada Togliatti dropped out before the season started due to financial trouble and "lack of a satisfactory arena." A new team, HC Yugra, was added. But then Hockey Club MVD, a 2009–2010 finalist, merged with Dynamo Moscow due to financial considerations. The combined team is officially named United Hockey Club Dynamo, but everyone refers to it as Dynamo Moscow. The franchise employs NHL star Alexander Ovechkin in an advisory position. Having seen the slightly goofy Ovechkin in interviews and commercials—and given the fact that he lives in the United States during the KHL season—we can only assume that the position is largely symbolic.

When KHL teams actually get down to the business of playing hockey, they don't look much different from their NHL counterparts. No one believes the quality of play in the KHL matches that of the NHL, but it's widely considered to be the world's second-best league. At least 60 KHL players competed for their countries during the 2010 Olympics.

"The guys are unbelievably skilled," says Quint, who's played in the NHL and in Germany. "The ice is much larger, and it's a very fast-paced game. A KHL team would have a hard time playing in NHL rinks, but an NHL team here would struggle in the big rinks."

There are, of course, a number of former NHL players in the KHL. Former Pittsburgh Penguins and New York Rangers superstar Jaromir Jagr plays for Avangard Omsk, while Alexei Yashin, a quality center with the New York Islanders and the Ottawa Senators from 1993 to 2007, suits up for SKA Saint Petersburg. Former NHL All-Star Sergei Fedorov, who played for the Detroit Red Wings and three other teams, currently toils for KHL outfit Metallurg Magnitogorsk. Fedorov's teammate in Detroit, legendary Czech goalie Dominik Hasek, plays for HC Spartak Moscow.







The Kremlin provided a spectacular backdrop for the inaugural KHL All-Star Game (above), in 2009. In 2010, a brawl between Avangard and Vityaz drew 691 penalty minutes and nearly $200,000 in fines.

But despite the player overlap, the two leagues have significant differences. The KHL rinks, as Quint said, are 13 feet wider than those in the NHL. NHL teams play with at least one "checking" line, whereas Russian squads use four lines of skill players. That's not to say the Russian game is not physical. One 2010 meeting between Vityaz and Avangard was suspended after four minutes when a bench-clearing brawl erupted. There were 691 penalty minutes and almost $200,000 in fines handed out. (The record for penalty minutes in an NHL game is 419.)

There have been other incidents, though American players are reluctant to discuss them. (Keep in mind, many KHL owners are oligarchs with, shall we say, murky business pasts.) Last spring a crazed fan attacked the goalie for Salavat Yulaev with a stick, drawing blood and concussing the netminder as he sat, unsuspecting, on the bench during a game. In October 2010, SKA Saint Petersburg hosted the NHL's Carolina Hurricanes for an exhibition game. According to Dan Rosen, a writer for the NHL website, Hurricanes coach Paul Maurice and captain Eric Staal believed the SKA players were making pointed attempts to take out Staal's knees. Maurice pulled both Staal and the Hurricanes starting goalie, Cam Ward, out of the game midway through the second period.

These incidents are perhaps to be expected in a nation where "fines" for speeding are often paid on the spot—or at a nearby cash machine—and where viral marketers unleash wolves in public to promote their products (see YouTube).

The KHL has a ways to go to catch the NHL, but it's determined to get there, and for all its cash-strapped teams, it does have some deep-pocketed owners. "We have guys over here making six, seven million dollars this year," Esche says. "Obviously, that's going to keep [talented players] here."

Those players were out in force back in February for All-Star weekend, which included a skills competition. If you believe the Russian radar gun—and why wouldn't you?—Denis Kulyash shattered the world record for slap-shot velocity set by the Boston Bruins' Zdeno Chara just a week earlier. Chara had hit 105.9 miles per hour with his blast; Kulyash clocked 110.3, setting off a massive celebration in the arena.

Skating alongside Jagr, Yashin, and Fedorov in the following night's game—an 18–16 goalfest—was Quint, who suited up for the victorious Eastern Conference team. Apparently, that call finally came through.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP LEFT AND RIGHT) DIMA KOROTAYEV/EPSILON/GETTY IMAGES, (BOTTOM) © HO/REUTERS/CORBIS

GLAMOUR GIRLS

AND

DANGEROUS DAMES





BUMP and GRIND 101
page 45

SWORD-SWALLOWING SIRENS
page 49

DEAD MAN'S PARTY
page 48

DIRTY MARTINI and the NEW BURLESQUE
page 47

HISTORY LESSON
page 44

TWIRLING TASSELS
page 46

JO BOOBS, HEADMISTRESS
page 45

ON the OFFENSIVE
page 48

OPERATION BOMBSHELL
page 45

the MOST INTERESTING SHOW IN the WORLD
page 49

the CONEY ISLAND GIRLIE FREAKSHOW
page 44

THE LEGENDARY, SHOCKING, AND JAW-DROPPING Coney Island Circus Sideshow has been keeping the classic Ten-in-One format alive since 1985, and is currently the last remaining place in America where it can be experienced. A "Ten-in-One" is ten acts in a row—such as fire-eaters, human blockheads, sword swallowers, contortionists, and burlesque—for one admission price. Sometimes there is a bonus exhibit offered at the end: a "blow-off," allegedly something more provocative or hair-raising than the rest of the show, which of course commands an additional fee. We at *Penthouse* have our own version of a Ten-in-One. Here, for your entertainment and amazement, for one low price, are ten attractions highlighting the fairer sex's recent contributions to the neo-sideshow and -burlesque scenes—because everything is better when done by a gorgeous woman (such as Velocity Chyaldd, above). Following that is our blow-off, which is only so because it's about a man, even if he is the world's most hard-partying man. Now, step right up, and enjoy feats of wonder, twirling tassels, and more!—*Christine Colby*

the CONEY ISLAND GIRLIE FREAKSHOW





Coney Island has been reveling in the recent wealth of female performers by offering the Coney Island Girlie Freakshow, with all-women acts and a late-night Bad Girls Show. The star attraction is Angelica (left), a sensual fire performer with a cheeky sense of humor and extensive tattooing, including more than half of her face. It's difficult to pull your eyes off her, but worth it to take in Amazonian goddess Serpentina (above, right), who dances erotically with a giant python; the superflexible Pain-Proof Rubber Girls' acts of contortion and playtime with pointy objects; and Jennifer Miller, a genuine bearded lady who juggles machetes while wearing fetish heels. The cast rotates, but a veritable bevy of odd talents and beauty is guaranteed. It's thrilling to see so many women take charge of the stage with their own daring acts and bravado, not merely as scantily clad assistants. As sideshow impresario and the unofficial mayor of Coney Island, Dick Zigun, said at a recent performance, "Is it a feminist thing? Is it an exploitive thing? Yes!"—*C.C.*



April March

HISTORY LESSON

Behind the Burly Q, a documentary by Leslie Zemeckis, comes out on DVD on April 12, after showing theatrically in major cities. It's a unique and fascinating look at the original women of the vintage era of burlesque, including classic photographs and footage and recent interviews with both unknown artists and greats such as Tempest Storm.

Zemeckis became interested in the subject after performing in a one-woman show about a Gypsy Rose Lee–type character. She says, "I started doing research and realized that no one's ever done a documentary on the history of burlesque. It's amazing ... nobody ever talked to the people who actually worked in it." Zemeckis emphasizes the differences between the original burlesque shows and the modern version. "The new burlesque thing is so huge," she says, "and it obviously comes from that, but people don't know what a burlesque show is. They think it's just the stripping. They had musicians, chorus girls, comedians, novelty acts—that was a burlesque show. What we have today are just strip shows, but what's good about them is that they're keeping a part of it alive. But they're also perpetuating the myth that it's just a strip show. At least it keeps that part of the artistry going, and the interest."

Zemeckis also interviewed Alan Alda, whose father was a singer in early burlesque shows (sometimes referred to as a "tit singer"), and Chris Costello, who reminisces about her father, Lou, and his time as a burlesque comedian. The movie and its subjects are compelling, and Zemeckis has a talent for letting them shine while removing herself from the picture, unlike many documentarians. *Behind the Burly Q* is an important example of keeping the history alive, as many of the subjects passed away before the film was finished. The screen time Zemeckis gave them was their last, and maybe only, opportunity to tell their stories. The DVD release includes three featurettes, bonus interviews, and more.—*C.C.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (PREVIOUS SPREAD) ALEXANDER COLBY, (CONEY ISLAND) DAVID SACKS/GETTY IMAGES

OPERATION BOMBSHELL



When former stripper Lily Burana (middle) married a military man, the adjustment to army life was difficult, especially with her new husband thousands of miles away, deployed during Operation Iraqi Freedom.

In the midst of what she called her "deployment blues," Burana, author of *I Love a Man in Uniform,* came up with the idea for Operation Bombshell, a burlesque workshop that allows her to use her dance skills to teach military wives how to shimmy and shake. Stuck at home while their partners serve overseas, these women need something to lift their spirits, and Burana decided burlesque would do the trick. The first Operation Bombshell class was held at Fort Hood, Texas, in 2008, and she has since traveled the country offering classes, free of charge, whenever they're requested.

Burana promises that she can turn the women into bombshells in 90 minutes or less (the duration of the class), and she does it by teaching them a routine choreographed by burlesque star Jo Weldon especially for Operation Bombshell. The classes give the wives a chance to relax and have a good time, and they leave with a newfound confidence—and some new seduction skills they can share when their husbands come home.—*Jennifer Peters*

BUMP AND GRIND 101

Walking into a burlesque class for the first time was intimidating. The other women were wearing tight tank tops, booty shorts, and high heels. My T-shirt and yoga pants seemed out of place. The first few exercises focused on breathing, posture, and admiring our bodies, and we had to check ourselves out in the mirror constantly. I felt like the most uncoordinated girl in the group, but when a classmate told me she felt silly, too, it took off some of the pressure.

Instructor Kitty Cavalier (right) says that she teaches the class so women can learn to "break out of their shells and get naked with themselves," and she stresses body confidence. "Look at your gorgeous body," she repeated throughout class, encouraging everyone to constantly caress their curves and touch their bodies. Another important element is what she calls "pinup posture," which means learning to present yourself with confidence and show off your womanly wiles—even if you're not sure you have them.



The class went through an entire three-minute routine, learning it step-by-step before putting it all together for a simple yet sexy performance. Within the span of the hour-long class, I didn't exactly get over my awkwardness or learn to move my body the way Kitty could, but I did learn to stop taking myself so seriously and have fun.—*J.P.*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP TO BOTTOM) DAVID LIVINGSTON/GETTY IMAGES, BURKE HEFFNER, KARL GIANT

JO BOOBS, HEADMISTRESS

Although *The Burlesque Handbook* teaches the ins and outs of putting together a professional act, burlesque star Jo Weldon's tips can be utilized by anyone—including your girlfriend.

Weldon is the founder and headmistress of the New York School of Burlesque, as well as a distinguished dancer in the burlesque world known to fans as Jo Boobs, so she knows a thing or two about the art of tassel twirling. Her book focuses on everything a dancer needs to know, from proper posture to making pasties, but even if your girl's performing for an audience of one, she'll benefit from the information. Moves like the "straptease" and "glove peel" can easily be put into practice at home, and the lessons on seductive stocking removal are sure to come in handy on the stage or in the bedroom.

Even men can glean some tips from the book. "Any time a guy makes a striptease game out of taking off a jacket or shirt in front of a woman, there's a good chance she'll admire his confidence and playfulness and find him more attractive," Weldon says. Which means you should buy the book for your girlfriend, but give it a look before handing it over.—*J.P.*



TWIRLING TASSELS



Clockwise from above: Mimi First, 2010; Midnite Martini, 2010; Miss Indigo Blue, Dirty Martini, Michelle L'Amour, and others, 2004; Less Than Ladylike Tendencies, 2002; and Roxi Dlite, the Reigning Queen of Burlesque, 2010.









Every June, for four days, a virtual army of neo-pinups and -burlesque performers flocks to the holy mecca of retro striptease culture, the annual Burlesque Hall of Fame weekend in Las Vegas, which has grown exponentially since its inception on a dusty goat ranch two decades ago.

A burlesque museum was always the dream of Jennie Lee, a stripper from the 1950s who began her modest collection in her rundown ranch smack-dab in the middle of the Mojave Desert. She died in 1990 from breast cancer, and her friend and fellow fifties stripper Dixie Evans (known in her day as the Marilyn Monroe of burlesque) took it over and christened it the Exotic World Burlesque Museum.

Dixie, a savvy businesswoman, knew she needed press to draw attention to the museum, so in 1990 she founded the first ever Miss Exotic World burlesque competition. The majority of the participants were retired burlesque performers from the sixties and seventies, with appearances by "feature" performers from the contemporary strip-club scene.

For a decade, the Miss Exotic World pageant quietly chugged along as a quaint, desert side attraction, attended mostly by local bikers and reporters from papers in the area. Then, suddenly, it wasn't just vintage vixens and Hell's Angels out there in the dust; an entirely new generation of young women began trekking to Exotic World seeking a shot at the crown, and a chance to spend face time with the founding women of burlesque.

The pageant was renamed the Burlesque Hall of Fame, then it moved to Las Vegas in 2005; it's now one of the biggest and most prestigious burlesque events in the world. In addition to the Saturday-night competition for the title of Miss Exotic World, there are classes, seminars, and pool parties.

At the Golden Nugget, I sit poolside with a bucket of beer and a bunch of bikini-clad showgirls with names like Nasty, Gigi, Roxi, Dirty, and Clams. Even in Las Vegas, the burlesque performers draw stares. Splashing around and balancing beers in our cleavage, we entertain our poolside compatriots by smashing our breasts and asses against the see-through glass walls of the pool.

Several hours later, I wake up in my hotel room, face-first in a pile of glitter, with a sunburn, a headache, and my bikini draped over the lamp shade. And it's only Thursday....

What sets this weekend apart from the many other burlesque conventions that have sprung up over the years is the intense focus on the living legends, the precious few dancers from yesteryear who are still around to entertain us with a story or two. Friday night is the Legends Showcase, one of the most emotional and thrilling events of the weekend, in which a handful of the seniors dust off their pasties and perform for a packed audience of screaming fans.

Toni Elling, who came out of 40 years of retirement to perform, says that before she discovered the Burlesque Hall of Fame, she was "not in a good place. I was down on myself and feeling quite useless." But after attending her first weekend, she was overwhelmed by the love and support she received from women young enough to be her grandchildren. Now, Elling says, "I have renewed energy and look upon myself differently. I feel I have things to do and have found people who really care about me, and I am more content than I have been in years."

The young performers have a similar reverence for the weekend. Nadine Dubois of Lili's Burlesque Revue in Minnesota has attended the event with her troupe for the past seven years.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON SPIRO

"We feel it is akin to going to the 'promised land' for our art form," Dubois says. "Not only do we grow as performers every time by being inspired by both the legends and modern performers of burlesque, we look forward to spending time with those same performers, as they are like family to us. It is truly a magical gathering."

Magical indeed, given the epic amount of female nudity you get to enjoy both onstage and off during those four days. Although the event is steeped in female bonding, there's eye candy aplenty for the menfolk to enjoy.

Jim "Roz" Rosnack, producer of Lunatic Fringe Burlesque Company from Austin, says, "These girls bring something to the table that has been missing for a long time: the art of the tease, glamour, seduction, and sometimes silliness, which to me is very sexy." Rosnack says the "something for everyone" appeal of burlesque accounts for why it's equally popular among men and women—and especially popular with couples. "It's something to take your lady to, for a romantic and fun date. She can put stockings on, a pretty hat and retro dress, and ... drink Martinis and watch shows reminiscent of the Ziegfeld Follies. The men are happy, the women are happy, it's the best Friday-night date available—and it's in every city in North America."

Mig Ponce, part of the Burlesque Hall of Fame's production team, appreciates the major production value that comes with performances at this level. "I really love that they put effort into putting on an amazing, dazzling performance," Ponce says. "This really packs a wow factor that you can't find anywhere else." Indeed, the production values were through the roof, with the biggest and most elaborate props and sets in the history of the Saturday-night competition.

Perhaps most stunning of all is the giant cigar prop belonging to Roxi Dlite of Windsor, Ontario. The tiny, raven-haired beauty casts aside her sparkling purple corset dress. Wearing nothing more than a few strategically placed rhinestones, she climbs atop the massive, smoldering Freudian homage and whips the audience into a heart-palpitating frenzy.

As the competition comes to a close, the audience is breathless from the innovation of the acts, from Miss Tickle's breakaway fans that turn into massive, angel-like wings to Nasty Canasta's tribute to *The Picture of Dorian Gray*—as she strips off her clothes, they appear on a digital "painting" of her nude body that hangs above the stage.

The final moment arrives: The newest reigning Queen of Burlesque is Roxi Dlite; overjoyed and slightly tipsy, she bounds onto the stage carrying a bottle of vodka, then forces the retiring Queen, Kalani Kokonuts, to do a shot with her onstage. In addition to being the first Canadian to win the title, Dlite's crowning is significant because, unlike most of the performers, her "day job" is working as a club stripper.

The stripping-versus-burlesque debate has been flogged to death over the years within the community, by a mix of burlesquers who are supportive of exotic dancers, and by those who mistakenly think they are somehow morally superior to club workers. Roxi Dlite hopes to use her crowning as a way to bridge the gap between the two communities.

"My goal is to educate the dancers I work with in the strip clubs," says Dlite. "I want to show them that there is a history and an art form to what they are doing. I also feel quite strongly that it's important for the burlesque community to be more supportive of modern striptease because it's just a modern-day version of burlesque; it is still an art form. The modern stripteasers are just as talented and just as passionate about their art form as the burlesque community is."

Spoken like a true queen, indeed.—*Sparkly Devil*

The author has been performing burlesque since 2000. For information on June 2011's event, go to BurlesqueHall.com.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PHILLIP GUTMAN



DIRTY MARTINI *and the* NEW BURLESQUE

New York City burlesque star Dirty Martini was crowned Miss Exotic World in 2004. She was photographed by fashion legend Karl Lagerfeld in early 2010 for *V* magazine. Also in 2010, she was the focus of a documentary by Gary Beeber called *Dirty Martini and the New Burlesque,* which examines New York's neo-burlesque scene. Beeber interviews Dirty and other performers about their artistic struggles and triumphs, their quest for romance, their ideology and philosophy, and what they do to pay the bills.

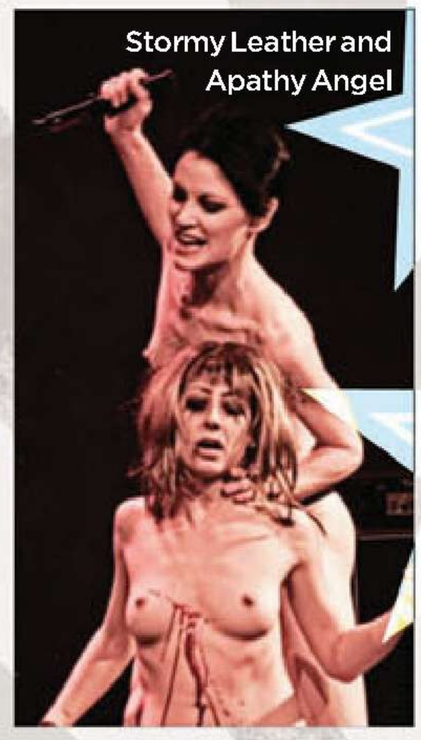
Vintage footage of such original bump-and-grinders from the fifties as Sally Rand, Dixie Evans, and Lili St. Cyr are contrasted with Dirty's modern versions of their classic acts. Other nudie cuties included in the film are Julie Atlas Muz, Angie Pontani, the World Famous *BOB*, Jo Boobs, and Bambi the Mermaid.

On April 16, the movie will be screened at Manhattan's Highline Ballroom, followed by a revue of peelers, including, of course, Miss Dirty Martini herself. We won't be missing this rare opportunity to watch a film and then see its stars shimmy out of their clothes onstage!—*C.C.*

ON the OFFENSIVE


Anna Evans


Magdalena Fox


Stormy Leather and Apathy Angel

The recent burlesque explosion has brought hundreds of nicely naughty pasties-and-G-string-driven events to New York City. It's generally a playful diversion, harkening back to a more innocent age of erotic delights. In the cracks left between those striptease events, !BadAss! Burlesque puts on a show for only the truly modern audience, where even the most blasé can expect to be thrilled by its performers' brazen immodesty and daring provocation.

Penthouse spoke with Velocity Chyaldd, torch singer for the tempestuous rock band Vulgaras, and producer of this night of challenging kicks.

What is !BadAss! Burlesque?

!BadAss! Burlesque is a platform where burlesque performers take their art to the next level. We began it a little over six years ago, and it's mostly been a monthly event; we are transforming it this year into a large-scale seasonal event, with proceeds benefiting the Rape, Abuse & Incest National Network.

With all the other burlesque events in the area, how does !BadAss! stand apart?

Most burlesque shows are sweetness and light, celebrating a delicate side of female sexuality. !BadAss! was created to express the darker side of the feminine psyche. We are the show to which burlesque performers bring that number they've been wanting to perform that the other shows won't allow.

Is it an "anything goes" kind of night, or are there limits?

We don't wish to place any restrictions on our performers, as that would defeat the purpose. We aim to provide a censorship-free environment for the burlesque artists as well as the audience. We've had acts portraying such topics as blood-letting, abortion, suicide, mental illness, domestic violence, death, God, Satan, and protests against war/social injustice. We celebrate the dark side of the divas who inspire us, such as Marilyn Monroe, Bettie Page, Janis Joplin—and even Tom Waits.

Does the show ever offend anyone?

I hope so, otherwise we aren't challenging the audience enough. We've had the occasional dramatic response; you have to expect that when you display your wild thoughts the way we do. I think Mae West said it best: "Those who are easily shocked should be shocked more often."—*Alexander Colby*

DEAD MAN'S PARTY



When asked to perform burlesque for the Zombie Bawl, the after-party for Zombie Con, an annual walk/bar crawl through New York City for which all the participants dress as zombies, I jumped at the opportunity.

Since I was creating a one-off performance for a zombie party, I knew I could really get crazy. My first thought was that I wanted to destroy part of my costume onstage. My second thought was that I wanted to be covered in fake blood. For costuming, I went classic burlesque, with a black taffeta dress, a sheer vintage slip, fishnet stockings, garters, and of course a sequined thong and pasties.

I did my number in two acts. The first act was a pretty classic striptease, except instead of slowly teasing my stockings down my legs, I tore them to shreds, which made the crowd go wild. For act two, I performed with long sheets of white tulle, rolling around and wrapping myself in them before I pulled out my plastic tarp (if you don't protect the stage, you don't get rebooked), candles, and a bottle of fake blood. By this point I was down to shredded stockings, a G-string, and pasties. First, I sprayed the crowd with fake blood, then I alternated between pouring hot wax and stage blood on my (mostly) naked body. There was a beautiful girl in the front row wearing not much more than a bra. I had her lie down on her back, and I slowly dripped hot wax on her quivering flesh between deep tongue kisses. There wasn't much more I could do after that performance, so I finished with an homage to *Carrie,* dumping a gallon of stage blood over my head. I loved performing for such a fun crowd, and I hope to do it again next Zombie Con.—*Ryan Keely, 2011 Pet of the Year Runner-Up*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (ABOVE, ALL) ALEXANDER COLBY; (LEFT) MOHAMMED KASIM/PR PHOTOS



SWORD-SWALLOWING SIRENS

The science of sword swallowing is trickier than it might seem at first. There are not one but three gag reflexes that have to be beaten down through perseverance and the desire to stick something long and hard into a place not designed to receive it, all for the acclaim of total strangers. What's even more curious, the majority of the diversion's experts are men.

The Sword Swallowers Association International sponsors the annual World Sword Swallowers Day in late February. In 2011, more than 20 performed at Ripley's Believe It Or Not! Odditoriums across the world. But we want to call your attention to two years before, on February 28, 2009. More than a dozen sword swallowers at seven Ripley's locations around the world performed; nine of them in front of New York's Times Square Odditorium. More than 30 feet of steel went down nine hatches, which, though impressive, didn't set any records.

A record *was* made there, though: the largest documented gathering of female sword swallowers—no fewer than four women, the youngest, Alison Cheevers, being only 19. Also participating was the Lady Aye, who claims to be the world's only Jewish female sword swallower; and Coney Island's pierced and tattooed bombshell Heather Holliday (above). Rounding out the fearless foursome was Natasha Veruschka, who holds the record for swallowing the longest sword by a woman—29 inches. At an earlier event, she swallowed 13 swords at one time, setting another world record.

Although outnumbered by such illustrious stars of the sideshow as Todd Robbins and Donny Vomit, the gorgeous girls stole the show. They swallowed the same lengths of solid steel, over and over again, as the male artists did—and *they* did it in corsets and high heels.—*A.C.*

BLOW-OFF: *the* MOST INTERESTING SHOW IN *the* WORLD

Musician and professional partier Andrew W.K. (right) recently took a new role, as sort of a rock ringmaster of the Dos Equis–sponsored Most Interesting Show in the World. He led a 17-city tour of music, magic, burlesque, and other variety acts presented to the public with no cover charge and free Dos Equis.



"There really is this party feeling," Andrew W.K. tells us. "It doesn't feel as much like a traditional concert; it feels like a celebration. We have local performers on every show, as well as an incredible performer named Bubble Man.... I really, really love magicians and magic. I have for years. A lot of my friends almost seem to specifically hate magic; I had never even conceived that someone could hate magic! That's like someone telling me that they hate candy or roller coasters or amusement parks! But I actually have a lot of friends who do hate candy and do hate amusement parks. Why am I friends with these downer people?

"Anyway, this has been unbelievably exciting just for that, to watch a magician perform. Elliot Zimet is a Las Vegas–level magician. He performed for a year with Ringling Bros. circus, living on the circus train.... He has birds in his act that we bring on the road. Live parrots! It's incredible.

"The whole show really becomes like a song. That's the beautiful part of it. Even when there are moments of spontaneity and improv, it's still like a song, an hour-long song, with all these different parts and performers. Some sing, some do magic, some dance, but they're all part of a song. And when it's tight like we have it, it really goes by like a song.... And working with these people who have that kind of timing, that vision to practice what they do to the point where they're masters, it really elevates you and what you do to another level. It's like playing with a good athlete; you just play better."

And play Andrew did, rocking out on an elaborate full-size piano onstage, glistening with sequins, surrounded by falling confetti, while sexy dancers kicked and twirled around him. It wasn't his usual headbanging show, but the audience seemed willing to expand their minds and take in the brain-melting skill demonstrations and colorful eye candy—and especially the free Dos Equis.—*C.C.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP) ALEXANDER COLBY, (RIGHT) COURTESY OF DOS EQUIS

PARTY MONSTER

Talking with Andrew W.K. about the Most Interesting Show in the World (page 49) made us realize he has way more going on than that. He's a head-banging rocker, a classical pianist, a motivational speaker, and he loves blowing stuff up. What's not to like? We also love him because he loves us. He says, "I've been a huge, huge, huge fan of the magazine for many years, so this is really nice to finally get a chance to talk about something." So we let him talk about everything and anything he wanted.

By Christine Colby

What's the deal with the bloody nose? You partied so hard that you're bleeding?
I didn't really think about any kind of meaning behind it; I just thought it was an exciting image that people would be able to identify with.... I thought it was a way to show blood that wasn't violent. You always want to have something timeless and classic, like a great band name, like the Police or the Cars. Those are all taken, gone, so what do you have left? A few images, concepts, ideas. A bloody nose is one of them.

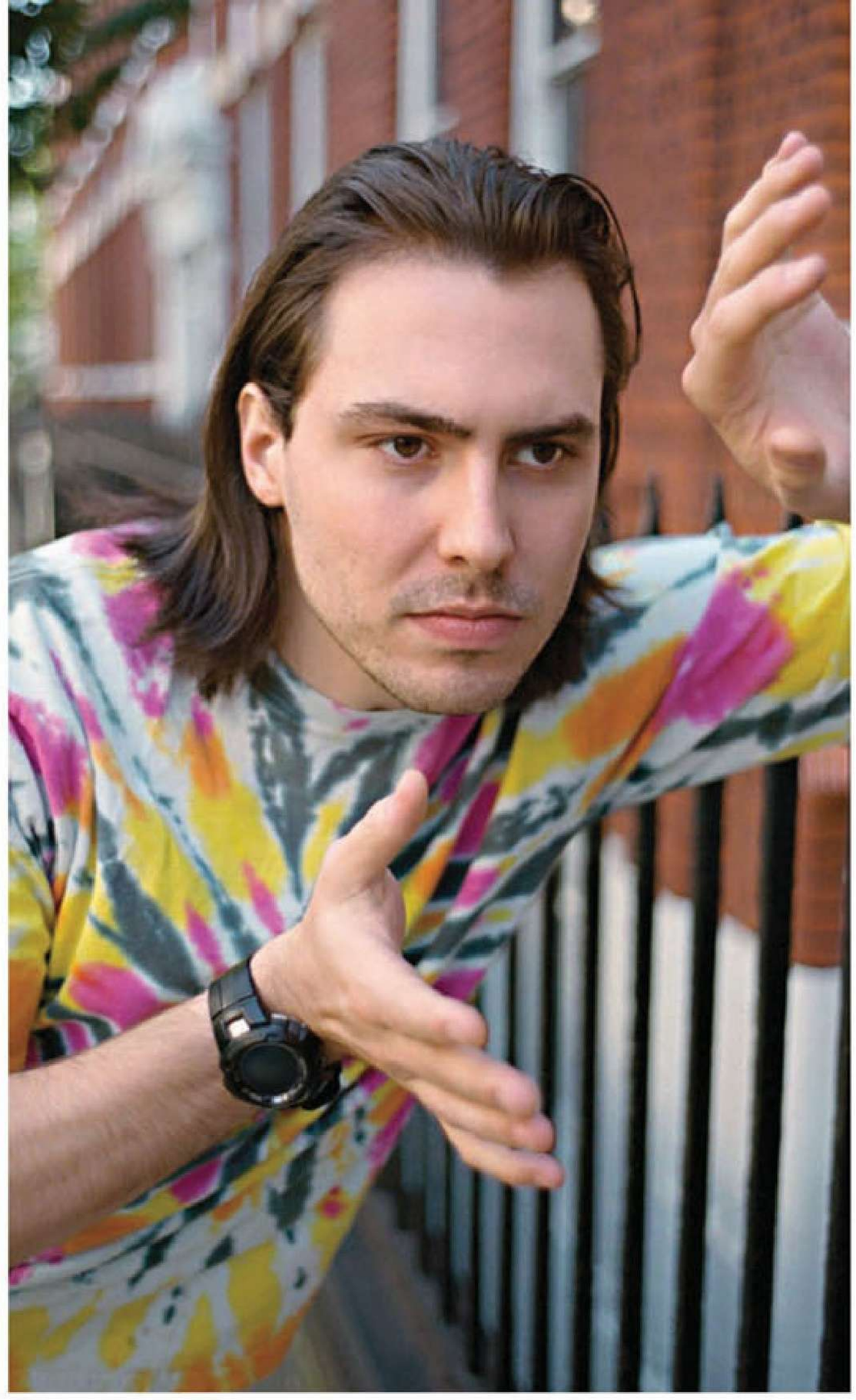
Showing vulnerability to your audience maybe?
Sure, that as well, that's a huge part of it.... I believe very strongly that you have to be the fool. But when you're a performer there's a combination of ego-boosting and ego-crushing, and I think you need to really have that balance for the audience to appreciate you. If you have too much ego boost, then they're gonna be like, *Who does this guy think he is?* But if there's too much embarrassment, it's just too painful. You want to have that combination of the glory and the struggle that we all go through in life. It's a fun line to walk.

Some performers are known for reinventing themselves. Are you on the verge of doing this? There have been rumors and controversy that you're not even the same Andrew W.K. [as the original]. But it seems that you've chosen to simultaneously keep the original persona and reinvent yourself.
If you're a performer and you try something new, it's still the same person at the core that gives the nice consistency to any sort of radical change you might go through. I'm just someone on a personal adventure through the world, an adventure of partying and celebration. I figured that show business, entertainment, was the most exciting thing I could do.

Which version of A.W.K. is it easiest to be?
It's all very easy to be. That's the key. It's physically demanding, but easy spiritually and emotionally. I'm very fortunate.

A lot of rock stars are obviously trying very hard to be sexy. I don't get that sense from you, but all your female fans want to fuck you anyway. What's your sex-appeal secret?

PHOTOGRAPH BY NEIL WILDER/CORBIS OUTLINE



Well, that's great! Oh, I don't know. I remember a long time ago, before I ever started doing Andrew W.K., I had a friend at work in a record store [in New York City] called Kim's Video, when it used to be on St. Marks Place. Amazing place, incredible job, one of the great times of my life there.

We were talking about the future. He said, "Man, if you ever blow up, girls are just going to love you." I was really confused, because all the stuff I was doing, it seemed like girls would specifically *not* like it. There's blood, and I'm kind of dirty, and the music is really intense and aggressive. It seemed much more masculine. But he said, "No, that's why they'll like it. It's very masculine, very intense, but you're really nice and you're being really sweet. They're going to like that." And when we started, it was primarily male audiences. But over the years, it was more girls and more girls and then *beautiful* girls! Now, in this past year, we might be at a 60/40 split, 60 male, 40 female. I think it happened over time, with women realizing that this was okay to like.

I was always really uncomfortable with performers trying anything that didn't seem to come naturally. There are some performers who are very naturally sexual people, and that just comes out and you can't really hold it back. It would be awkward to hold it back. But someone who isn't that sexual naturally, trying to be—that always weirded me out. So I would never go without a shirt onstage or try to do something that was too provocative in that sexual way. I just let it come out through the intensity of the performance. Maybe people envision, *If he's headbanging like that, would that be what it's like if he's having sex?* I dunno. But I'm grateful for any female fans that we have. They're taking a big risk and really going out on a limb to like us.

At the other end of the spectrum, you also host a kids' show, *Destroy Build Destroy*. You literally build things and destroy them?

Yeah, on a massive scale. These are Hollywood-level explosions—like a 500-foot fireball. You can see it from a mile away; it leaves a mushroom cloud with a ring around it. It really is completely over-the-top. When the show was first described to me, I asked, "Are the explosions going to be pretty impressive?" Because I just couldn't imagine them mixing kids with that type of power.

Right, it seems like a really bad idea. Like, let's get Andrew W.K. to work with a bunch of children. Awesome. Then we're going to give him fire and explosions. This is a terrible idea!

TNT! TNT! Well, that's the thing; this was unprecedented—the combination of teenagers and explosions. I realized that this was going to be a fantasy. We have episodes with the top monster-truck drivers racing around; explosions going off; me, a rock guy screaming his head off through a megaphone—it's archetypal fantasies of a young kid. Maybe specifically of a young boy, but we always have girls on the show and they seem to love it. And then to work on a team of 100 people in Hollywood, so you get the best of the best—I mean, just the level of absurdity is so high that I can safely say that this is what it's all about. This is what you work toward in life, so you can have experiences like that. It's really one of the greatest things I've ever gotten to do. It's so ridiculous and so over-the-top, and yet it's so fun and loving and exciting. This is the best thing you can ever use explosives for. It's much better to do this than to blow up a country with them. Just blow up a bunch of garbage and then build something with it, with young kids. I've always said that I hope that someday the only weapons used will be in Hollywood for special effects. We're trying to buy up as many as we can to use on the show, to take them off the market.

Okay, so you're about explosions and monster trucks and screaming, but you play classical piano, you went to prep school, you've had speaking engagements at Yale. It's kind of a weird dichotomy. I'm guessing you've turned out a little bit different than some of your classmates.

Yeah, I have some amazing classmates, though. I went to a very special school full of amazing artists, so it's no surprise that they're doing amazing things. But no one, I guess, has done exactly this.

I've been trying to figure out if there's an easy definition for how you use the word "party." A lot of people, when they say "party," mean drinking beer and doing coke or something. I get the



feeling that could be part of what you mean but maybe not all of it.
To celebrate is to revel in the moment. It's been presented to us that it's only appropriate to do that at certain times. On the weekend, or at night. You can only celebrate once a year, at New Year's or on someone's birthday. Why wouldn't we just appreciate being alive every day? To me that's a state of mind. Every day is a reason to celebrate, and everybody has his or her own way of celebrating, just like a little kid wouldn't necessarily go out and do a bunch of drugs and drink, but he can have a party that is just as genuine, just as meaningful to him. It's amazing how many very open-minded people I've met in terms of politics and religion, in terms of letting people follow their own path, people who don't like oppression, who don't like people to be picked on—these same people say, "You're not partying the right way. You're supposed to party like I want you to party, the way I do." To me that is the biggest pile of BS in the world. It's the same as trying to tell someone that they're not cool because they listen to the wrong kind of music. The alternative is to do your thing and let everyone else do their own. And that's partying. And partying hard is simply doing it with every bit of energy and passion that you have.

I noticed on your Twitter feed that you said, "The whole point of everything I'm doing is good times, good feelings, and good living. That's all I care about." It's a great summary of everything you've said, but is it difficult to maintain such positivity?
I don't try to, I guess. I used to be a lot harder on myself about being in a certain mood all the time, but then I realized there were times when, for example, I would watch a sad movie and it might make me well up with tears or something, but is that not part of the full range of human experience? I realized I don't want to cut myself off from feelings just because they're not making me smile, basically.

It takes effort, but it's such a blessing to be able to put effort into something like that.

Don't you ever want a day off from partying?
That's the day that you can party just by lying down and meditating. Meditation or rest is just as important. You've gotta follow whatever comes to you and just enjoy the full range and spectrum of *everything* we have here. I mean the *full* range of emotion—sadness is not a bad thing. We have to be able to have happy days and sad days and good times.

You've described yourself as a "New Age motivational speaker." What is your definition of "New Age"?
I don't know what the traditional definition is ...

Well, I think of hippies and crystals.
Shoot, I guess it contains that. To me it's just *new*. We're in a new age. It's part of a new way of thinking for the future, based on, I guess, very traditional, age-old ideas. It's an important time to revel and celebrate, but at the same time keep perspective on what really matters and what is really important. I think we are in this new age of humanity.

"I would never go without a shirt onstage or try to do something that was too provocative in that sexual way. I just let it come out through the intensity of the performance."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT PAGE) BEN RAYNER/CORBIS OUTLINE, (RIGHT PAGE) MIKE COPPOLA/FILMMAGIC

[warriorwire]

HEALTH-CARE SCARE

Defense Secretary Robert Gates has proposed cuts in military health care that every American should protest.

By Jennifer Peters

"A NATION THAT SENDS ITS MEN AND WOMEN TO WAR HAS A SACRED RESPONSIBILITY TO CARE FOR THEM WHEN THEY RETURN HOME."—*Joe Davis, director of public affairs for the Veterans of Foreign Wars*

In an effort to save $7 billion over the next five years, Defense Secretary Robert Gates recently proposed that fees should be increased for the military insurance program used by active-duty and retired service members. Weeks after Gates's proposal, Congresswoman Michele Bachmann (R-Minn.) suggested trimming $4.5 billion from the budget of the Veterans Affairs department with a plan that would freeze VA health-care spending and cut veterans' disability benefits, although that proposal was withdrawn after backlash from the veterans' community. This attack on our nation's service members and veterans flies in the face of the commitment we make to the men and women who protect our freedoms, and the families they so frequently leave behind as they fulfill their duties.

As Paul Rieckhoff, founder and executive director of Iraq and Afghanistan Veterans of America (IAVA), puts it, "There's a contract that we essentially sign with these people as a nation. We say, 'You go to war, you do what we ask you to do; when you come home you're going to get health care, you're going to get education.' There's a contract there. When you do things like this, it violates that contract, and that becomes a breach of faith."

Tricare, the military insurance program, is similar to its civilian counterparts. Those insured under Tricare—which covers active-duty personnel, veterans, and their dependents—have access to many of the same doctors, hospitals, and pharmacies as they would under a civilian plan, and they are covered whether their ailments are service-related or not. If Congress approves the Defense budget with the Tricare fee hike intact, military retirees under age 65 will see a nearly 13 percent increase in their enrollment fees.

Retired personnel currently enrolled in Tricare Prime, the group targeted for a hike in premiums, pay $230 a year for their insurance, $460 for a family plan. If the Defense budget is approved, fees will go up to $260 and $520, respectively. Opponents to the proposed budget worry that even a nominal fee increase places an undue burden on working-age veterans—many of whom are recently returned from tours in Iraq or Afghanistan. "It's another weight on their backs," says Rieckhoff. The added expense could be too much to handle for veterans who already face family stress from deployments, unemployment, and a corporate sector that doesn't understand how to best utilize their particular skill set.

Cara Hammer, a vet and an IAVA veterans-support associate, agrees: "There are people who are already at their absolute wit's end. Suicide rates are at their highest. People are already on edge. Giving them another stressor just seems insane. You never know what this will do to someone."

Proponents of Gates's proposal, however, worry that rising health-care costs—already more than $50 billion for the 2011 fiscal year—are squeezing other programs out of the budget. There is concern that plans for an amphibious vehicle and a Joint Strike Fighter, for example, could be put on the back burner. Gates has suggested that raising Tricare enrollment fees—which haven't changed since 1995—could allow other Defense programs to continue. Among those backing Gates's plan are the six members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who wrote a communal letter to Congress in a show of support. The officers assured Congress that the cost-cutting efforts were necessary to ensure the most efficient and effective use of the Defense budget, stating in the letter, "We will continue to provide the finest health-care benefits in the country for our active and retired military-service members and their families while continuing to serve as responsible financial stewards of the taxpayers' investment in our military."

Tricare costs the government approximately $4,202 per person per year, but the majority of the six million enrolled members are active-duty personnel and retirees over 65, who are covered free of charge. The only members who pay into the plan are reservists and younger retirees. According to Gates, comparable



“There’s a contract that we essentially sign with these people as a nation. We say, ‘You go to war, you do what we ask you to do; when you come home you’re going to get health care.’ ”

insurance for federal workers costs $5,000 per year, while civilians could pay more. Raising the cost of Tricare premiums, with subsequent increases for inflation, would put health-care costs on par with civilian plans.

This devalues the sacrifices of enrolled veterans, however—most of whom served upward of 20 years before retiring, or were retired on disability. “Being able to get low-cost health care for themselves and their families is certainly something these veterans have earned through their service,” says Marco Bongioanni, a reservist who is insured under Tricare.

Rieckhoff elaborates, “We can’t get into the process of allowing the DOD or any other government agency to start nickel-and-diming our heroes and vets because budgets are tight. There has been talk about trying to achieve parity between the military and civilian sectors, and this is one way to do it as far as cost and fee increases. But I would object to that on its basic premise, because you can’t try to achieve parity between someone who works at a bank and someone who’s been deployed to Afghanistan four times since 9/11.”

Bachmann’s proposal to cut the budget of the Department of Veterans Affairs would have compounded any problems created by a Tricare premium increase. The VA health-care system is notoriously overstressed, but both Rieckhoff and Joe Davis, director of public affairs for the Veterans of Foreign Wars, feel that vets who are priced out of Tricare could end up utilizing the VA system more frequently for service-related ailments. “I think what you could see, and what my gut tells me you will see, is a bigger reliance on the VA, which is already overstretched and under-resourced,” Rieckhoff says. “It’s incredibly inefficient.”

According to IAVA’s Hammer, the combined spending cuts could have a drastic impact. “All those troops who are serving are going to come back and they’re going to need care,” she says. “It’s impossible for the VA to give people the care they need and deserve when they don’t have the resources to do that.” Hammer has experience with the VA system, and while she admits that there are VA hospitals, clinics, and doctors who are doing cutting-edge work and providing top-notch patient care, she says many do little more than the bare minimum.

Bongioanni agrees that the VA already has a hard time meeting vets’ needs: “If you have people coming in because they can no longer afford Tricare coverage, it would put an additional burden on the VA. You’re talking about longer wait times for an appointment, and you usually have to wait about two to three weeks.”

Since Bachmann’s withdrawal, the Obama administration has proposed a budget that allows for a 3.9 percent increase for the VA, including $53.9 billion for medical care. That should help ease the pain of cost increases for Tricare, but for veterans’ advocates, money isn’t the real issue; it’s the slippery slope we’ll be standing atop if we start cutting health-care benefits for our nation’s heroes. The mere idea that cutting service members’ benefits is permissible suggests the start of an alarming trend. “The military is not a commercial business that can offload health care and other personnel programs and benefits just to increase its bottom line,” the VFW’s Davis tells us. “In the military, the bottom line is its people, not its budget. The day our nation cannot afford to care for her veterans is the day our nation should quit creating them.”

PHOTOGRAPH BY JUPITERIMAGES

[pet of the month]

tasha reigns

"If I could be anyone, I would be a real-life princess," Tasha Reign tells us, voicing a comment one might not expect from a women's studies major. "Since that's not an option, I'll just have to look for a man who will treat me like a princess." We're happy to throw our hat in the ring. This former Hooters girl reminds us why *we* study women so closely.

Photographs by Emma Nixon









"My favorite part of a photo shoot is when I get naked. I love to spread my pussy and show my naughty side as much as possible. I always knew getting naked in front of the camera was what I was meant to do."

"I have so many fantasies that it's hard to pick a favorite. Being tied up and bossed around while wearing a dog collar.... *Ooh la la.* I'm getting turned on now."













"If I had to choose between my right arm and my ability to have orgasms, it would be good-bye, arm. Orgasms are my go-to achievement every day. I wake up and go to sleep with them."

THE BIG RIP

TASHA REIGN
MAY 2011 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





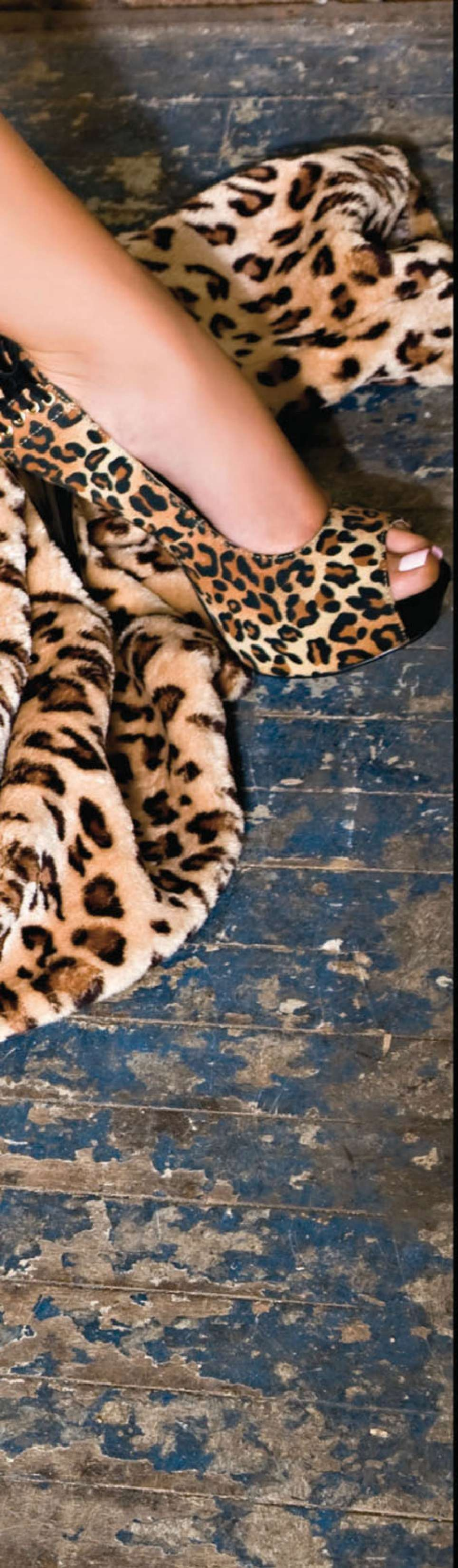
"When I'm dating a new guy, I want to make love to him right away. I think like a guy, and I'm always turned on and always want sex. It takes a lot of restraint to keep my pussy in my pants."



TASHA REIGN

MAY 2011 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH







Vital stats:
36-24-34; 5'5"
22 years old

Hometown:
Laguna Beach, California.

Favorite kind of music:
Hip-hop, rap, seventies rock.

Favorite sport:
I played everything growing up. I get bored easily and love trying new things. I love striptease.... Is that a sport?

Favorite sexual experience:
In a dressing room at Barney's. Sounds like a fantasy, but it happened.

Your ideal date:
Grilled cheese and fries, mini golf and the arcade, maybe Disneyland to ride the rides together. Then back to my place for sex and toyplay all night.

On any given Tuesday night, you're ...
At home reading, eating, then pleasuring myself or someone else.

The hottest movie sex scene:
Body Heat. It's beautiful, hot, and just absolutely sexy. I play with myself over and over to it.

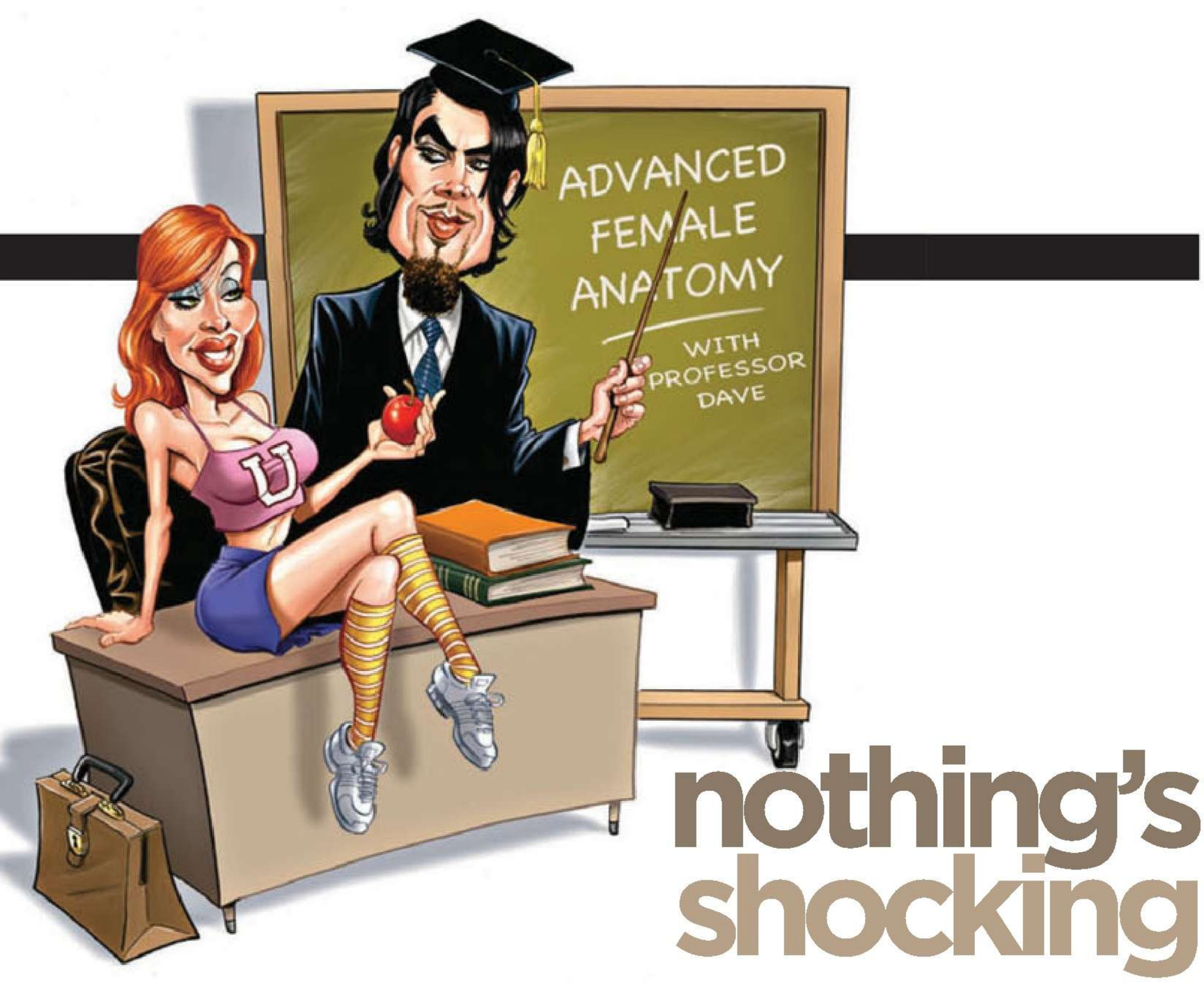
If you could have sex with anyone, living or dead, who would it be?
I would bang 50 Cent and John Kennedy threesome-style.

Under what circumstances would you have sex with a stranger?
If I know your name, are you still a stranger?

Ever been in a physical fight?
Of course not! Okay, once, with my best friend. She pulled my hair, I slapped her, done.

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nothing's shocking

"I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am a little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."

By Dave Navarro

■ I'm interested in stimulating my partner's prostate to make his orgasms more intense. How do I bring up the idea of using anal beads, etc.?
Well, I don't think there is any reason to tiptoe around an idea that will make sex more pleasurable for him. Just suggest it, or go buy some toys and surprise him. Start out with a simple vibrating device before diving into beads, as you should take him to the moon before you book him on a flight to Mars. There are a number of sex toys on the market designed for men that can be used without penetration. Outside stimulation of the area between the testicles and the anus during oral sex can do wonders. Even manual massage of that area prior to ejaculation can increase the intensity of an orgasm. Once he gets a sense of what he's in for, *then* you can bring up the idea of something with an internal effect. No need to shove anything into his ass right away.

■ How do you feel about the ethics of polyamory or being nonmonogamous? How is it best to communicate that to a new partner?
The ethics of polyamory or being nonmonogamous are really up to the individual(s). The real ethical dilemma is, as you have stated, the communication process. The simple fact is that you have to make your feelings clear from the onset. It's only fair to make your intentions known before you rope somebody into a situation where they may get hurt or misinterpret your goals. Make it clear before you jump into bed that you have no interest in a monogamous relationship. Once that has been stated, the partner in question should be able to freely make up his or her own mind as to whether or not he or she is comfortable with that. Sounds cold, I know, but once a partner knows where you're coming from, they're on their own in terms of how they react in the future. I am a firm believer in not misleading anyone. If somewhere down the line your partner develops feelings and ends up uncomfortable with your lifestyle, they'll have no one to blame but themselves.

■ Have you ever fallen in love just from doing the deed?
Have I? Well, this column isn't about *my* sex life, but I'll answer this, as there is an interesting dynamic involved. My answer is, of course I have, and I think many people can relate to that. The reality, however, is that in these scenarios, of course we haven't *really* fallen in love. There are a lot of factors at play. The very act of sex carries undertones that can be confusing emotionally. Then there's the chemical relation between two people, the interaction of pheromones, the excitement of a new partner, the level of trust and vulnerability. There really is an exchange of some or all of these things, and when combined with sexual compatibility, there is sometimes no way to avoid having a feeling or two. While it's nice to find that partner who does everything right and seems as if he or she was designed specifically for you, the truth is, science is likely at play more than anything else. Sure, this dynamic is fun and exciting. Just remind yourself that the magical experience you had is actually fairly common before you take a trip to the courthouse and get that marriage license.

■ Why do men claim they are looking for women who are smart, natural, relaxed, and sincere, but tend to hit on women who are ditzy, groomed-to-the-nines, high-maintenance, pretentious, and elusive?
That's a very deep question, but the short answer is, sometimes the power of attraction is stronger than our desire for intellect.

■ How do I tell a guy that, at 25, I'm still a virgin? And what would you think about me, or a girl you want to have sex with, who tells you something like that and obviously isn't a teen?
As far as how to tell someone, just tell him. There is no point in keeping it a secret if you think it will have a profound and possible negative effect on how your relationship may go. For me? I might shy away from dating a 25-year-old virgin only because I'm aware that if we ever connected sexually, there could be an emotional expectation. Men know that if we're your first, it's a pretty important thing. Some of us don't want to be that pivotal of a person to you early on in a relationship.

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM RICHMOND

Submit your questions for Dave at PenthouseMagazine.com/hottips.

THE PETS OF *LIFE ON TOP*

Penthouse Pets inspired Clara Darling's Life on Top *erotic novels, so it only makes sense that some of our hottest ladies would star in the steamy Cinemax spin-off.*



Jayden Cole

The second season of *Life on Top* is airing alongside other popular Cinemax After Dark shows, but what makes this series stand out—in our humble opinion—is its exceptionally sensual cast, including 2007 Pet of the Year Heather Vandeven, 2008 Pet of the Year Runner-Up Justine Joli, December 2009 Pet Jayden Cole, and *Penthouse* model Riley Steele.

Heather stars as a centerfold for a *Penthouse*-like magazine who has decided to leave nude modeling and go back to school. Her roommate, who's played by Jayden, has turned her hard partying into a job asset, working as a club promoter. Justine portrays Jayden's boss, and the two clash as only fiery redheads can. Then there's Riley's sexed-up secretary, a small-town girl in the big city for the first time and looking to experience life—and love—in the fast lane.

The series boasts cameos by some of our favorite models, including Pet of the Year Runner-Up Ryan Keely, September 2008 Pet Kayden Kross, and porn star Lexi Belle. Kayden describes her waitress character as "just looking for an easy job—and a lot of cock—while she sails through her twenties." Despite how sexed-up the character is, Kayden needed a day or two to adjust to a shoot that wasn't porn. "There was a lot less emphasis on sex and a lot more emphasis on getting the dialogue right," she says. "Every day was opposite day."

For Riley, the hardest part of shooting the show was bringing the heat without going overboard. She tells us, "The first love scene I shot, they told me, 'This looks great, but could you maybe tone it down a little bit? It has to be soft-core.' I thought that was pretty funny."

It wasn't all work and no play while shooting in Romania. On their days off, the ladies managed to find ways to entertain themselves, doing everything from visiting the grave of Vlad the Impaler to checking out the historic castles to getting down and dirty. "We found this wonderful public pool," Heather says, "and on

By Jennifer Peters and Lainie Speiser





Kayden Kross



Lexi Belle

our rare days off, the actors would drink copious amounts of beer and lounge poolside, topless, and make out with each other. Or at least the girls would. The locals really appreciated it!"

Fans who watch will get to see their favorite girl-girl adult-star Pets —Justine, Heather, and Ryan—getting it on with the show's leading men. "People who have seen the first few episodes have already contacted me to tell me how hot they think my boy-girl scenes are," Justine says. "Everyone was really sexually charged this season, and that definitely comes across on-screen. That's really the No. 1 reason to tune in: the rockin'-ass sex scenes."

PHOTOGRAPH BY (SUPERHOT SUPERPARTY) MICHAEL STEWART/WIREIMAGE

INTRODUCING 3-DD!

Pet of the Year Nikki Benz has the honor of being the first Penthouse Pet to star in a Penthouse 3-D movie: *Real Porn Stars of Chatsworth* was filmed for the launch of the Penthouse 3-D Channel, which will hit the airwaves in Europe in 2011, then make its way to America. The channel, which will feature original adult content that's been shot in high-definition 3-D, was announced by Penthouse CEO Marc Bell at the Consumer Electronics Show this past January. Nikki also was on hand at CES, and told us, "Shooting in 3-D for such a powerhouse brand as Penthouse was a fantastic experience. The scene with Danny Mountain turned out to be amazing, and it's a whole new level of entertainment seeing myself have sex in 3-D. I was blown away by how much depth there is. It's really incredible."

The blonde sex bomb, who's one of the most popular adult stars working today, also has her own Penthouse Stripper Pole available at PenthouseStore .com. "As a feature dancer who travels the world, that was just a huge honor," Nikki says. "I love that I'll be in everybody's home one way or another."





From left: Phoenix Marie, Taylor Vixen, Nikki Benz, Ryan Keely

SUPERHOT SUPERPARTY

Neither snow nor ice nor frigid temperatures will keep the Penthouse Pets out of town on Super Bowl weekend. Before this year's championship game, Dallas was blasted by a treacherous ice storm, followed by a snowstorm, endangering the steamy atmosphere of our annual SuperParty. Despite the frigid environment outside, however, Penthouse Pets Nikki Benz, Taylor Vixen, Ryan Keely, and Phoenix Marie melted hearts and heated up the proceedings at the Platinum Club in the American Airline Center with their special brand of hospitality.

Ryan, who admits to a heartfelt love of cowboys, says, "We love Texans, and the men at this party were handsome, funny, and so charming. The night flew by too fast."

At one point the blonde vixens cleared an area for a dance-off that ended with the very limber Phoenix in a split. But the Pet who probably had the sweetest time was Taylor, a Dallas native. "I've never been on a Penthouse tour with other Pets in my hometown," she says. "I am so proud to be from Dallas and love it so much. I showed the girls all my favorite spots and made the limo driver stop at my favorite places to eat: Chick-fil-A and Whataburger." So how's the reception when four Penthouse Pets roll into a fast-food joint at 3 A.M.? "People were kinda starstruck," Taylor adds with a laugh. "But it's Dallas. They're still really friendly. Though I'm sure the town will be talking about us for a while." We certainly can't blame them.

THE COAST-TO-COAST CLUB

There's a growing number of people out there who consider it their patriotic duty to have sex in every state in the union. God bless them. And God bless America.

By Shari Goldhagen

WE WERE ONE CHEESY BASS LINE away from a porn scene.

I was hot—Dante's Ninth Circle of Hell hot. And wet—my body was sheened with sweat. The room was in a motel—not an upscale hotel, or a quaint bed-and-breakfast, but the kind of quick-and-dirty setting where *Dateline* does its black-light investigations.

My lover and I were only there for a few hours.

"Take off your clothes and fuck me," I commanded, my voice urgent and raw.

Really raw—in fact, so raw that uttering the line started me on another coughing jag.

"I'm going to see if they have cold medicine in the vending machine," my then-boyfriend said. "Why don't you try to sleep before we have to go back to the airport?"

"No, we can do this."

I choked out the words between hacks and shivers.

Yeah, the whole "hot" thing was more fever than passion, and the "wet" was really just clammy. But our evening flight out of Newark had been rescheduled for dawn, so we rented a room in the Garden State, and I said, "We can knock Jersey off the list tonight!"

Then-boyfriend didn't seem all that game, and he glanced at some crusty Kleenex on the nightstand.

"This sex-in-every-state thing is really that important?"

I literally coughed out an affirmative, and, God bless him, he reluctantly came onboard.

Sure, I was in bed on antibiotics the whole next week, and maybe the fact that I made then-boyfriend sick had something to do with him becoming my ex-boyfriend, but by the dawn's early light, I'd managed to have sex in New Jersey, the 26th state in which I'd done the deed.

When I was a kid, my parents moved us around a lot, and on one of my birthdays, they presented me with a big map of the United States and a box of pushpins, telling me to stick one in every state I'd visited or lived in. During college, I tweaked the formula slightly: I started sticking pins in every place where a guy had stuck *me*.

I'm only just past the halfway point, but I've made a valiant effort getting there: I've crossed borders





for quickies on road trips, dragged boyfriends to terrible airport corners during layovers, once seriously considered cheating on a live-in lover because work had sent me to Rapid City and I figured I'd never be in South Dakota again. As it happened, I stayed loyal and will always view it as a huge missed opportunity. When *will* I be in South Dakota again, after all?

There is one man who would never let such an opportunity pass him by, and that is Leo, aka the Sexy Bastard, a 33-year-old whose hotel-management job requires frequent travel around the country. "I would go to different places and get a shot glass or something, but then I decided I wanted a souvenir of a different kind," says the New Jersey native. "I really made it a goal to have sex in every state."

Since his assignments lasted from two weeks to several months in one location, Leo would rent a car and get to know area bars and clubs.

"You study the atmosphere," he says. "In a place like Alaska where there are more men than women, you have to figure out what the women want and how to charm them. Sometimes in the middle of the country, people liked the idea that I was a city boy, or they just really loved *The Sopranos*."

In lieu of a map and pushpins, Leo marked his conquests in the hotel's directory of all its properties, nationwide. Recently, the Sexy One accomplished his mission, crossing off state No. 50, Tennessee, which he cites as his star-spangled favorite. "The southern hospitality was incredible—I felt like I was Brad Pitt," Leo says. "I was there five days and slept with four women."

He wasn't quite so lucky getting lucky in Florida's sexy South Beach, where his washboard stomach and full head of hair were nothing special—the poor bastard only got laid once in three weeks.

That's still better than in Virginia, where his pursuit of the goal landed him in jail for nearly two days: "I was with a girl and we were in a hotel pool at 2 A.M. We were drunk, and someone called the police. I got arrested." And they say Virginia is for lovers. *Sheesh.*

With his ambitious quest in his rearview mirror, Leo says he now has a new goal: "I'd love to meet a great girl and do the whole thing again with her. I guess I just love America."

Another lover of everything (and every woman) from the mountains to the prairies is a 56-year-old salesman we'll just call Willy Loman—but minus the pathos. More like eros. Having crisscrossed the country as a rep for everything from pharmaceuticals to shoe lines, Willy has earned his stars and stripes. As for his wife of more than 35 years? "Well, let's just say she hasn't been to every state."

"You're alone in a city, but you still have to eat," he says. "You can either order takeout to your room or you can go out and explore. One thing just leads to another. Or sometimes you hit it off with someone you meet calling on the account."

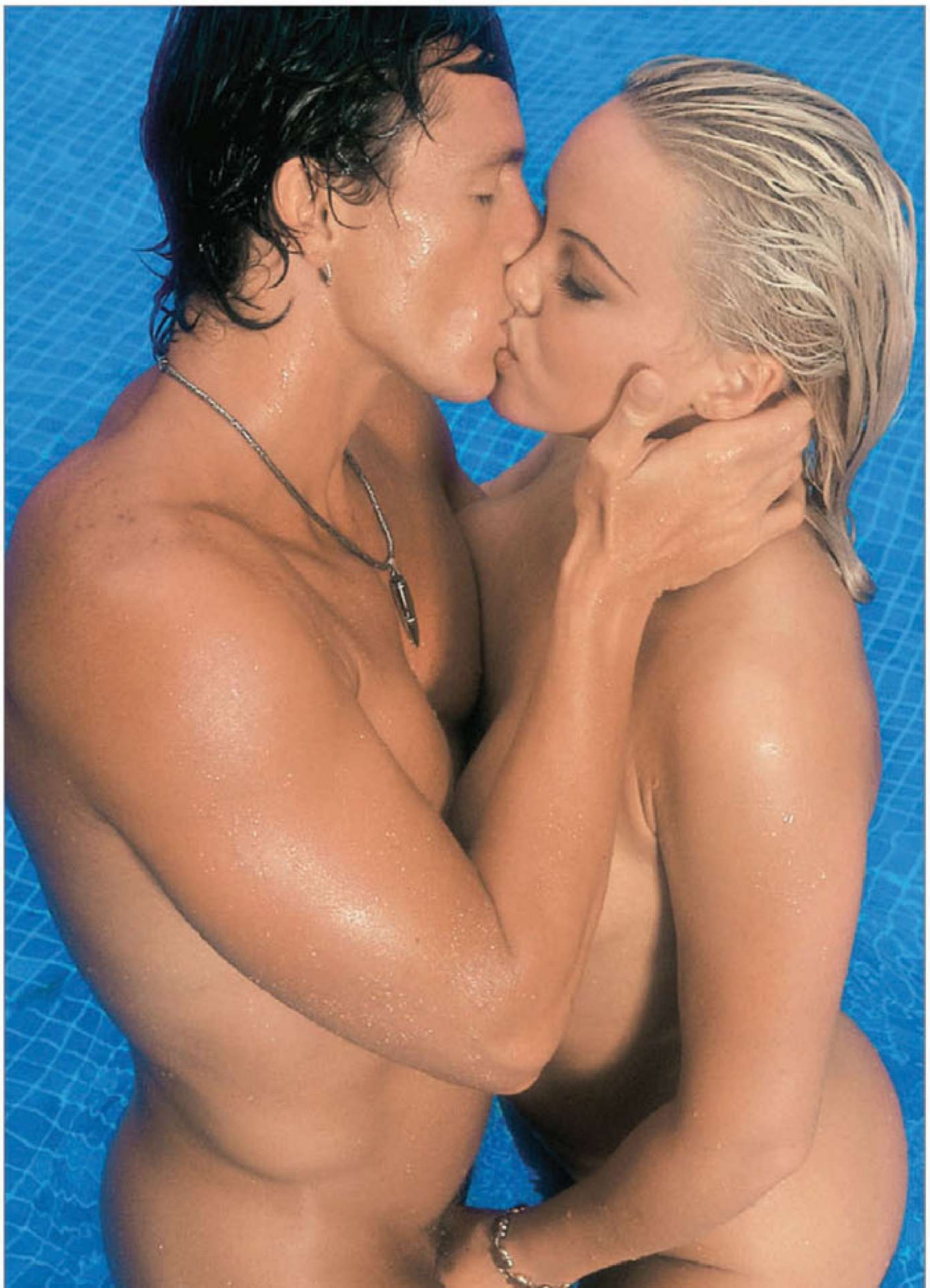
You'd think the odds would be better in the larger cities, but Willy claims to have better luck in smaller towns. "There's not as much to do, for one thing, but it's also that people all know each other, so when a stranger comes into town, he brings a bit of mystery."

Scoring in every state wasn't necessarily a goal for Anand Bhatt, but the 34-year-old musician got the job done through touring. "Most of it has to do with being in entertainment, mainly because I wouldn't travel as much outside the industry," says Bhatt, whose music can be found at SonicWaveIntl.Certaire.com. "But it's not necessarily all with groupies. Believe it or not, when you have the privilege of meeting a fan, she's often too nervous to have any fun, and comforting a girl out of her insecurities is sometimes too much work—you don't have to be a musician to experience that. Everyone knows what it's like dealing with a 'nervous' girl."

Though he chivalrously refrains from ranking the quality of girls by region, Bhatt says the party mood of Las Vegas and California helps loosen



"I was with a girl in a hotel pool at 2 A.M. We were drunk, and someone called the police. I got arrested." And they say Virginia is for lovers.



things up, while his home state of Illinois has sometimes let him down.

"Not that I haven't had great sex in Illinois, but I've also had some 'I'd rather be watching TV' sex in Illinois," says the Chicago native.

With a new solo album to promote, Bhatt will be hitting the road soon. And while the record includes a version of John Mayer's "Heartbreak Warfare," Bhatt says he differs with his fellow fornicating musician on one crucial point. "John's a great writer, although he's openly declared that his cock is 'whites only,' " says Bhatt. "I don't discriminate. I will happily pick up the slack with the dark girls, John."

Nicole Antoinette—a 25-year-old writer who describes her website, NicoleIsBetter.com, as "deliciously vulgar"—lists doing it in all 50 states as one of the 124 feats she wants to accomplish before her time is up. "I believe that the best way to get to know a place is to get to know the people who live there, and the best way to get to know the people who live there is to do naked stuff with them," she says, noting that her lack of overall sluttiness has hindered the goal somewhat (she only has a handful of states, um, under her belt). "Looks like I need to have a serious talk with my vagina about how she needs to start pulling her own weight."

Still, girl's got some tales from the trenches.

"New York was the worst state," says the San Francisco resident, "less because it was New York and more because I was between Brazilian waxes and wound up drunkenly shaving in the guy's bathroom while he was out on a beer run. So far, the best-state title goes to California, where I had sex on the Golden Gate Bridge in the middle of the night."

And while she's nowhere near completion of the Golden Eagle merit badge, Antoinette is making progress—often in impressive fashion: "I drove from California to Oregon and back, not only to add my ninth state, but also to complete another goal of having sex in two states on the same day."

Her site says she'll accept donations to best serve (or, service) her country, but I've got a better idea: Dear *Penthouse,* please foot the bill for Nicole and me to go on a 50-state fuckfest.

C'mon, it's the patriotic thing to do.

[stand-up guys]

PICKLE JUICE, APPLE JUICE, AND NINE MILLIMETERS

Rising comic Hannibal Buress can coax laughs out of any subject, which is why you'll be seeing a lot more of him in the future.

By Rachel Kramer Bussel

Hannibal Buress delivers wry, sly, and frequently hilarious jokes on topics such as ramen noodles, pickle juice, his desire to kick pigeons, and the protocols of gangsta rap—all in a style that's so laid-back he's been accused of being stoned onstage. His reply to that particular accusation? "I'm not stoned, I'm just cooler than you."

After listening to his first stand-up CD, *My Name is Hannibal,* and checking out his weekly show at Brooklyn's Knitting Factory, we tend to agree. And we're not alone. Chris Rock called Buress "the funniest young comic I've seen in years." Jim Gaffigan said Buress "is incredibly funny with a smart, unique style, and I am proud to be his father." Mike Birbiglia called Buress "one of the best joke writers I've ever seen." The Chicago-born Buress has deployed those joke-writing skills on *Saturday Night Live,* and he currently writes for *30 Rock*. He's also made stand-up appearances on *Lopez Tonight, Late Night With Jimmy Fallon,* and *The Late Show With David Letterman*.

Don't be surprised if his unusual name soon becomes a household one.

Who are you named after?
The [Carthaginian] general, Hannibal Barca.

Have you heard from other Hannibals?
There's a comedian in California named Hannibal. He's looked me up and I've watched his stuff. I was doing a show in San Francisco and he asked me to open for him. I said no. There can only be one Hannibal on the show.

Are you going to give your kids unusual names?
They'll all be Hannibal Juniors like George Foreman's many Georges, and the girls will be Hannibelinas or Hannibellas, Hannibobby.

How do you feel about your name?
I think it's good for comedy because it's memorable. I grew into it, but it can still be annoying. Sometimes I tell people my middle name if I don't feel like having that conversation. I wonder how many times I lost out on getting laid just because my name is Hannibal, because it reminds people of Hannibal Lecter. There has to be at least one.

Has being a comedian helped you get girls?
There are girls who enjoy comedians, so it's helped, because I'm always out doing shows and meeting people. Meeting more people means you get more girls by proxy. It's a numbers game.

Do you feel most comfortable onstage?
I feel most comfortable in bed. But as far as dealing with people, it's fun being onstage because you get to talk uninterrupted. There are not many places where you have people's attention and you just say your ideas and put them out there.

Do you do crowd work, or is it a last resort?
It's not a last resort. I do it, but I'm not awesome at it. I'm better if somebody is being shitty and then I can rip into them and talk to them. It can break up the energy. When people see something being created on the fly, it's a different kind of laugh.

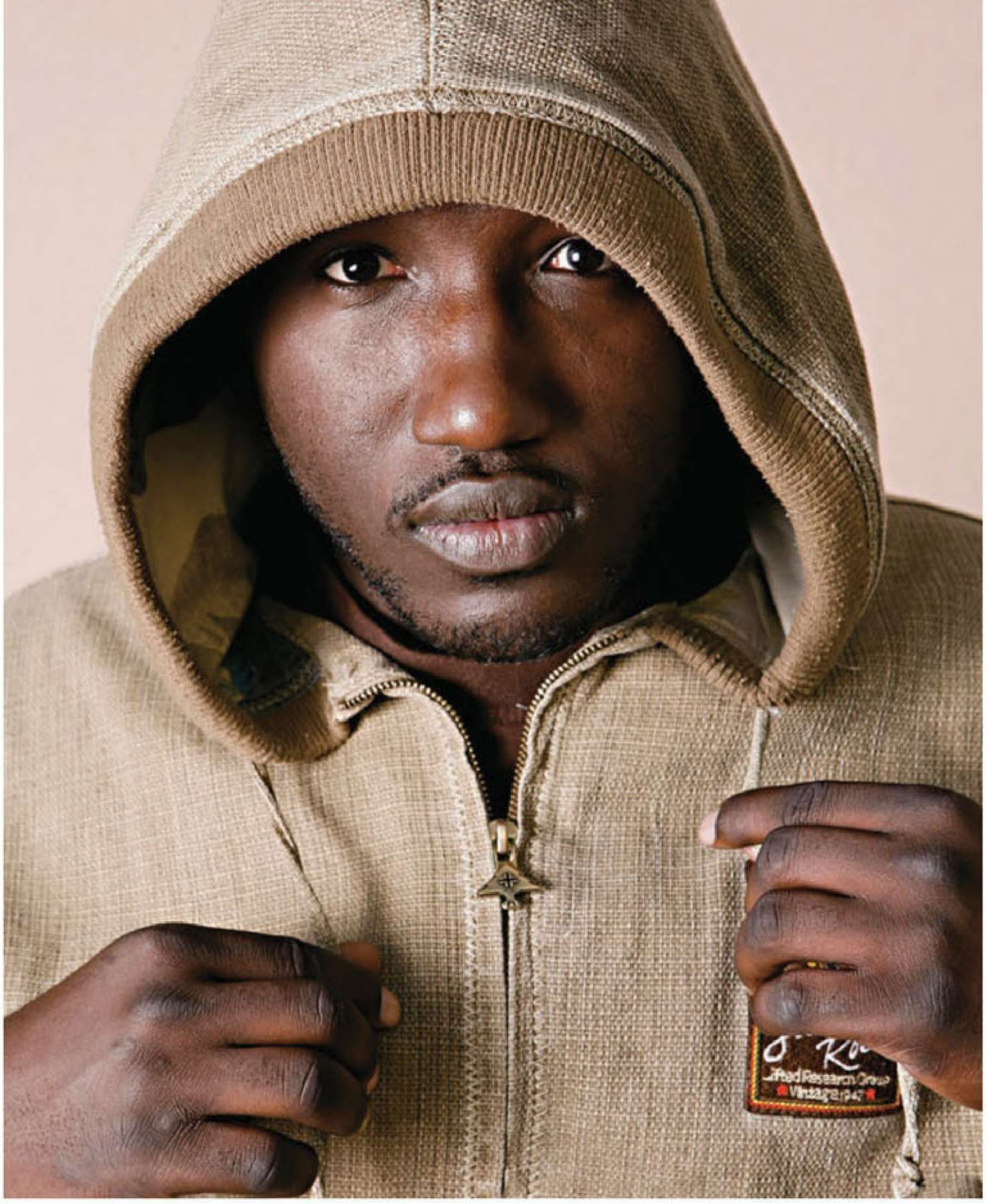
What's been your best show?
The Gathering of the Juggalos. That was a gig that I thought would go horribly. People usually get things thrown at them, and I didn't, so that felt like a victory. I wasn't there the day Tila Tequila [performed]. There was a lot of nudity and a lot of open drug sales and a lot of people that were really fucked up.

And your worst?
I had a show where I got carried offstage. That was because my friend was doing an Apollo-style talent show and he was the Sandman and he was obnoxious and people started booing. It was pretty embarrassing. This was early on, during my first year of doing comedy. He was a bigger guy and it was kind of tough to fight it.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SETH OLENICK/CORBIS OUTLINE







"THANKS FOR READING THIS AND TAKING A BREAK FROM LOOKING AT PERFECTLY SHAVED VAGINAS."



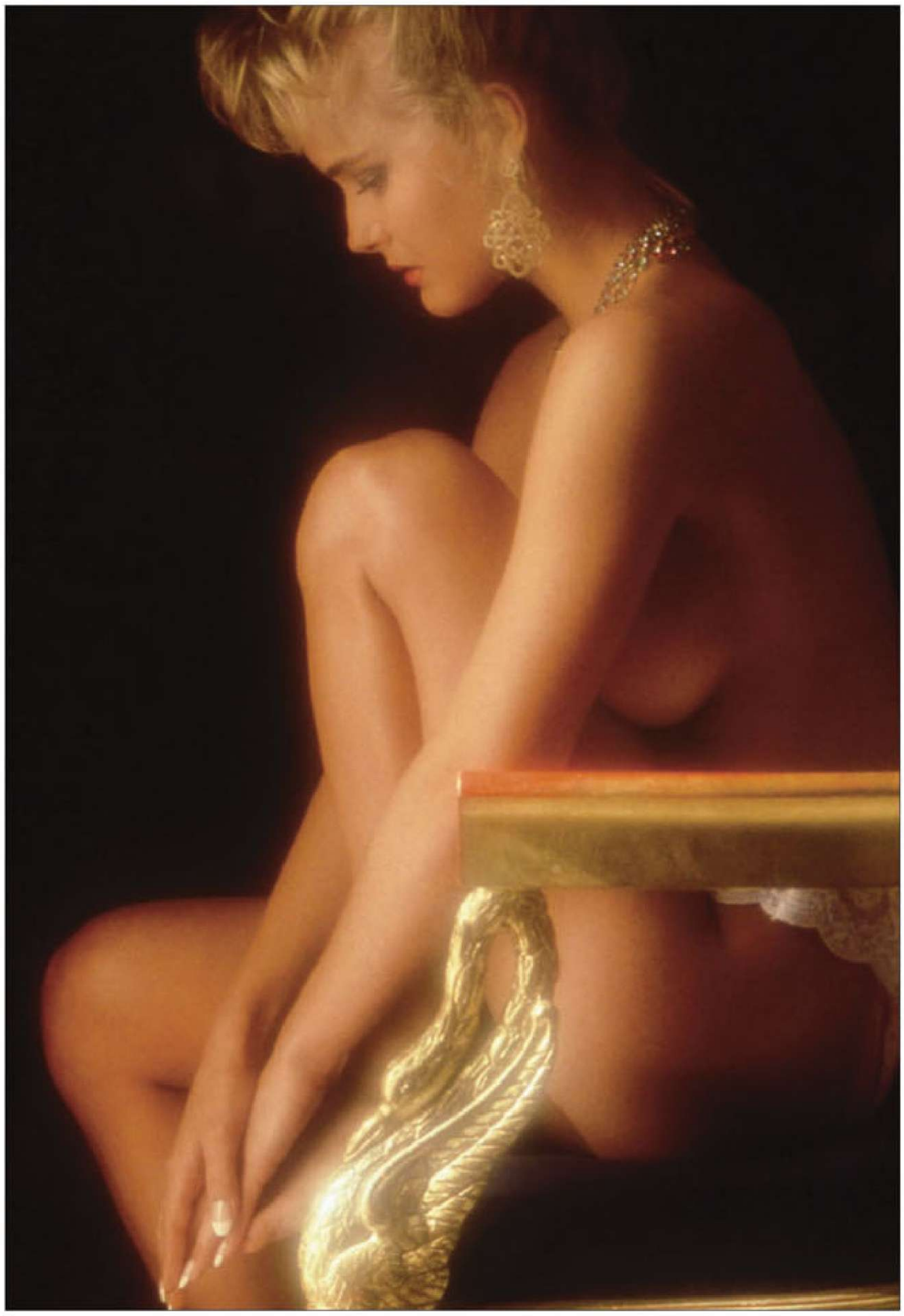
What was writing for *Saturday Night Live* like?
It's fun to work on something that's bigger than just you, instead of being totally single-minded and working on your own thing. *SNL* is great because the show has a lot of history and it was something I watched as a kid, and to work on it for a year was a lot of fun. Putting together a show on the fly every week was a cool experience.

How would you describe your comedy style?
I do what I call "cutesy" jokes, where it's a nice observation and it's cute and it's fun. I also have harsher, real-life stories where I might come off kind of mean. It depends on the crowd; some like when I'm talking about sex and dating in an honest way based on my experience, and some crowds will go against that. I have some material based on my newly single life where it might sound like I'm really shitting on women, but I'm just shitting on those particular women in the story.

What's a cutesy-joke example?
I saw a man on the street. I was coming out of Walgreens, I just bought some Oreos, and it's my birthday. For the first time in my life I could say, "What do you want, a cookie?" It's a contrast to when I'm talking about kicking girls out of my hotel room, or hooking up with girls.

Do you have a final message for *Penthouse* readers?
Thanks for reading this interview and taking a break from looking at perfectly shaved vaginas.

The Guccione Years: January 1990



SUGARLAND EXPRESS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

When 19-year-old Stephanie Page was named Pet of the Month in September 1987, the awestruck 38-23-35 beauty from Sugarland, Texas, told us, "I still have to pinch myself to be sure it's real! Never did I imagine that something like this would happen." But by the time she was crowned Pet of the Year, in January 1990, she wore stardom with aplomb. "Appearing on live television is the quickest cure for shyness," she said with a laugh. "It's do or die." And she credited her friends with helping her adapt to the new lifestyle. "I'm especially grateful to Bob Guccione and his staff. They helped me learn to believe in myself, and the rest just fell into place."

The Guccione Years: January 1990









"I love jogging on the beach and playing Frisbee," Stephanie said. "It's relaxing and a great way to meet a man.... I'm looking for one who's liberated, but who still knows how to treat me like a lady."



The Guccione Years: January 1990

"When I was little, I wanted to be an airline stewardess ... or Marilyn Monroe," Stephanie said softly. "Becoming Pet of the Year is like being a princess in my own special fairy tale come true."





Our new Queen confessed that all the royal treatment took some getting used to: "I'm trying to keep my feet on the ground—and that's not so easy when you feel like you're floating on air!"





[cleavage alert]

Where the Girls Are

If you're looking for great getaways, spring is filled with ample opportunities for sports, sun, sand, and sensual encounters.

By Joe Diamond

FUN IN THE SUN

Jersey Shore

The Jersey Shore was a seaside paradise long before Snooki and the Situation turned it into a pop-culture punch line, and it will continue to be one long after the show goes the way of MTV's once-ubiquitous music videos. Each Memorial Day weekend, the boardwalks in the major beach towns teem with bronze-skinned brunettes in leopard-print tube tops, their sharp acrylic nails poised to fend off competition for the objects of their young lust. Yes, such women really exist. They drink, they scratch, they curse, they kick, they bite. It's like an alternate universe populated by the Gorgeous Ladies of Wrestling. If you have a taste for the theatrical, these are exactly the kind of women you want to—and, more important, *can*—take home. To your rental home, that is, not your year-round casa. (Check out ShoreVacations.com for rental deals.)

The shore is a lot bigger than the show's home base of Seaside Heights, stretching some 125 miles along the Garden State's Atlantic coast, from Cape May in the south to Sandy Hook in the north. You'll run into weekenders from both New York City and Philadelphia. Seaside, Belmar, and Point Pleasant are great beach towns with thriving nightlife scenes. Belmar has the legendary meet market Bar Anticipation, aka Bar A, where you can enjoy some of the area's best bands and deejays (Bar-A.com). Jenks, located on the Point Pleasant boardwalk, is another popular hot spot, with live music and deejays (JenksClub.com).



Shooting *Jersey Shore*



Lake Havasu



Lake Travis



Party Cove

Lake Havasu, Arizona

One of America's hottest spring enclaves lies in the shadow of the London Bridge, not far from the Mojave Desert. If that doesn't seem to make geographic sense, keep in mind that the bridge was moved 30 years ago, bit by bit, to serve as the tourist centerpiece of Lake Havasu City (GoLakeHavasu.com), which is about 150 miles south of Las Vegas and about 300 miles east of Los Angeles. What the planned community's founder probably didn't foresee was that Lake Havasu would ultimately become as famous for its spring-break shenanigans as for its British bric-a-brac. Of course, the lake stays hopping throughout the warm weather, although it calms down a bit after the spring-break crowd leaves. But it's still wicked fun, with beer-guzzling babes in bikinis as far as the eye can see. If you feel like taking a break from all the partying, there are plenty of activities for surf and turf, like waterskiing, white-water rafting, mountain biking, and hiking.

Lake Havasu is home to the southwest's biggest dance club, Kokomo Havasu, which is part of the London Bridge Resort. Kokomo has more than a dozen bars, a swimming pool, and a high-tech sound system that pumps out hip-hop, Top 40, trance, and retro dance tunes (KokomoHavasu.com). Martini Bay, also at the London Bridge Resort, features live entertainment and deejays (MartiniBay.com).

Party Cove

The New York Times called Anderson Hollow Cove, in the heart of Missouri on the Lake of the Ozarks, the "oldest established permanent floating bacchanal in the country" (OzarksAfterDark.com). On any nice weekend in spring or summer, you'll find tons of people partying on an armada of tightly packed boats. Hot-body and wet-T-shirt contests are an integral part of the Party Cove experience, and guarantee a constant supply of scantily clad women. Newcomers are welcomed by a barrage of water cannons and exhortations to strip off their clothes. It's not for nothing that Missouri, where baring breasts is legal, is known as the Show-Me State. As the sun goes down, the revelry continues at the bars and clubs dotting the lake.

Bring booze as an offering and you'll be invited to board plenty of boats. If you'd rather play host, you can rent your own vessel, but make sure you have a designated driver. Boating While Intoxicated in Missouri is a serious, costly offense. A 22-foot pontoon boat rents for around $325 a day and will hold eight passengers. A larger TriToon boat carries up to 12 people and rents for about $400 (Go2LakeOfTheOzarks.com). If you were born after January 1, 1984, state law requires you to take a boater-safety course; you can take it online at Boat-Ed.com/Missouri for $20. (Upon passing, you can immediately print out an official certificate for $15.) You can also charter a boat with a captain, a considerably more expensive option (PartyCoveRentals.com).

Devil's Cove

Instead of bar-hopping on terra firma, why not try boat-hopping on Lake Travis, in Austin, Texas? Everything kicks into gear Memorial Day weekend, when Lake Travis plays host to a gargantuan bobbing bash, pulsing with bikinis, boats, and booze. Devil's Cove is the hedonistic heart of the lake, with flotillas of vessels anchored in close proximity, essentially forming rows of massive floating docks. The variety of boats is staggering, everything from runabouts and ski boats to double-decker houseboats and yachts, many of them carrying full bars and kegs. Out of food? No problem. Call in an order to the BBQ boat and in a few minutes a cute waitress in a thong arrives in a dinghy with your grub (DevilsCove.com).

After sunset, the party moves to the popular southwestern chain Carlos 'n Charlie's without missing a beat. No need to change, because the dress code allows shorts and sandals—and of course bikinis (CnCAustin.com). The lakeside Johnny Fins is a bit mellower, and perhaps an easier place to engage in small talk (JohnnyFins.com). For really laid-back, try the watering hole Shades (ShadesCafe.com).

Club Getaway

Picture this: You're at a campfire singing along to corny but beloved tunes from your youth as the redhead you met earlier at yoga class licks s'mores off your fingers. It's like sleepaway camp,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP LEFT) MARKA/ALAMY; (*JERSEY SHORE*) BOBBY BANK/GETTY IMAGES; (LAKE HAVASU) MIKE GOLDWATER/ALAMY; (LAKE TRAVIS) GARY MILLER/CONTRIBUTOR/FILM MAGIC

[cleavage alert]


Club Getaway

but for grown-ups. Instead of bug juice you get merlot. And you won't get sent home for knocking hiking boots with that redhead. Welcome to a rejuvenating weekend at this 300-acre rustic resort in Connecticut's Berkshires, about a 90-minute drive from New York City (ClubGetaway.com).

Outdoor activities are great icebreakers, and Club Getaway has plenty: tennis, softball, swimming, kayaking, archery, rock climbing—even a trapeze. Instructors are on hand to give you a good workout. Single women are also on hand to, well, give you a good workout. Socializing continues into the evening, with a lakeside barbecue followed by live entertainment and dancing. The night's capped off by midnight volleyball and that cozy campfire.

The best times for single folks are Memorial Day, July Fourth, and Labor Day weekends, which cost about $460 including breakfast and lunch buffets, and dinners with unlimited wine. The rest of the time the resort caters to families.

SPORTING EVENTS

The Kentucky Derby

You'll see various kinds of horseplay at the Derby (KentuckyDerby.com), as 60,000 exuberant fans—lots of them ladies with adorable Mint Julep drawls—turn the infield at Churchill Downs into one of the nation's largest springtime soirees. Louisville native Hunter S. Thompson once called it "a fantastic scene—thousands of people fainting, crying, copulating, trampling each other, and fighting with broken whiskey bottles." It's been tamed over the years, but not by much. Infield tickets are $25 to $40. Patrons are not allowed to bring in alcohol, a rule that's been about as effective as Prohibition was in stopping the flow of hooch. Folks have come up with all sorts of clever ways to circumvent the ban, such as injecting fruit with liquor and stuffing bras with booze-filled ziplock bags.

The racetrack is far from the only place to let loose that weekend. What if you could meet women and serve a selfless cause at the same time? The annual Hillbilly Outfield Kentucky Derby party benefits the Make-A-Wish Foundation. It runs from the night before the big race through Sunday morning. Admission is $40 in advance, $55 at the entrance. Your wristband gets you unlimited food and drink, live music, outdoor games, and a dip in the pool. You can even pitch your tent and camp out for the weekend, if you arrange it in advance through their website (HillbillyOutfield.org).


The Indy 500

The Indianapolis 500

Everyone knows that fast cars are chick magnets, so imagine all the women who flock to the Indy 500. As the largest single-day sporting event on Earth, it's the world's greatest tailgate party. Even better, the legendary Memorial Day race celebrates its 100th anniversary this year, so expect the electric

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP) RANDY O'ROURKE/CLUB GETAWAY; (BOTTOM) REUTERS/CORBIS



The Kentucky Derby

mood to grow exponentially. "You don't have to be a racing fan to come out," says Jesika Gunter, marketing event manager for the Indianapolis Motor Speedway. The action begins Friday, still known as Carb Day, a throwback to the days when drivers tuned their carburetors before practice laps. The speedway hosts huge parties and an outdoor concert (IndianapolisMotorSpeedway.com).

What makes the Indy 500 truly a Woodstock-on-wheels are the overnights, when an army of racing fans camps out in tents and RVs in the parking lots. It's an epic party, with lots of young ladies cutting loose. Some guests actually bring portable stripper poles, which, like souped-up cars, are chick magnets. If you see one, set up camp nearby.

The speedway's southwest corner, on 16th Street and Georgetown Road, is notorious for the partying that breaks out the night before the race. Beyond the speedway, you'll stumble upon plenty of celebrations at the bars and dance clubs downtown and in Broad Ripple Village, one of the city's main nightlife districts. Race Day tickets are $30; Carb Day tickets are $20.

MUSIC FESTIVALS

Sasquatch! Music Festival

This is another great Memorial Day gathering (SasquatchFestival.com); it's held annually at the Gorge Amphitheater in George, Washington—yes, *George, Washington*—a 20,000-plus venue that overlooks the Columbia River. (It's also home to the Lilith Fair.) The sweeping views of the river offer a picturesque setting for generating sparks with female attendees. The fest features indie, alternative, and hip-hop acts, as well as comedians, with past performers including Coldplay, the Flaming Lips, the Beastie Boys, R.E.M., M.I.A., Death Cab for Cutie, Nine Inch Nails, and funnymen Rainn Wilson, Horatio Sanz, and Tim Meadows. This year's acts include Foo Fighters, Wolf Parade, Twin Shadow, Matt & Kim, and Foster the People. *Entertainment Weekly* says Sasquatch! has a "laid-back vibe juiced by thousands of camping hippies living in communal bliss out in the parking lot." The occasional couple screwing in full view only enhances the vibe. A few years back, two "performers" drew hearty applause.

Sasquatch! is known for other impromptu entertainment. A few years ago, a man started dancing wildly to Santigold's "Unstoppable," quickly drawing a crowd of good-natured imitators. Naturally it was caught on video, and the various clips (known as "Guy Dancing on the Hill at Sasquatch!," "Dancing Man Party," "Unstopable [*sic*] White Guy Dances, Attracts Huge Crowd," etc.) went viral, racking up millions of views and generating a whole new level of visibility for the festival. Four-day tickets are $295; single-day admission is $79.50. (LiveNation.com)

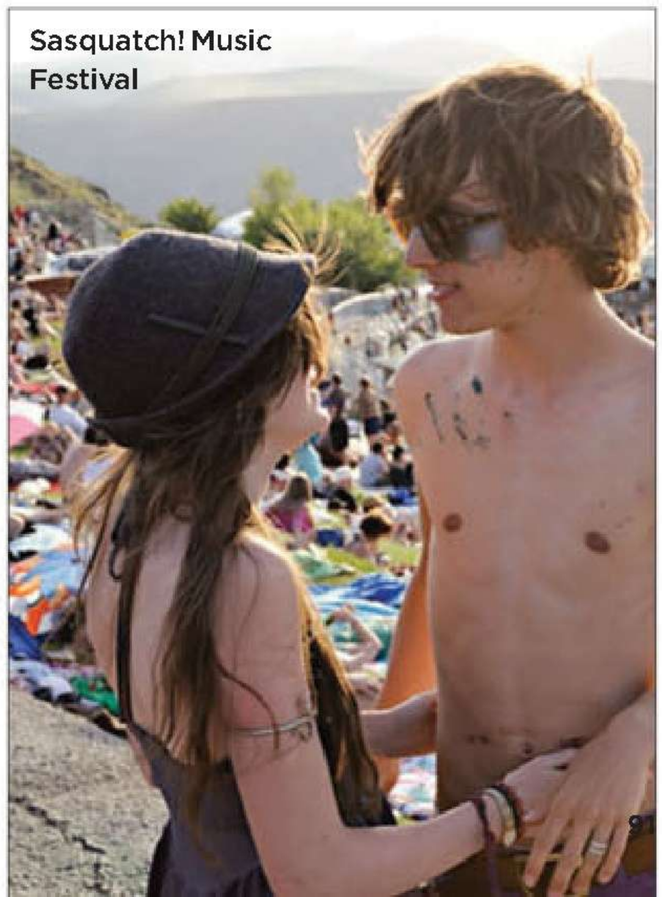
Bonnaroo Music and Arts Festival

If you want to get a sense of the fun to be had here (Bonnaroo.com), consider this quote from Conan O'Brien during his appearance last year as part of his Legally Prohibited From Being Funny on Television Tour: "I've been here for two hours, and I can tell you we are losing the war on drugs." Bonnaroo is held at Great Stage Park, 60 miles southeast of Nashville, and showcases artists across the musical spectrum: indie rock, folk, gospel, hip-hop, electronica, and just about any contemporary sound worthy of a Wikipedia entry. Scheduled acts for this year include My Morning Jacket, Lil Wayne, Robert Plant and the Band of Joy, and Scissor Sisters.

The 100-acre "entertainment village" throbs day and night with a classic arcade, a cinema, a silent disco, and a beer festival. Bonnaroo has only been around since 2002, yet *Rolling Stone* has already called its emergence one of the 50 developments that have changed the history of rock 'n' roll. The festival provides plenty of oddball moments to fuel lively conversations with cute girls in your midst. Last year, one man roamed the grounds selling Unicorn Farts. Another entrepreneur calling himself Ganjalicious hawked weed cookbooks. Four-day general admission tickets are $225 to $250.



Bonnaroo Music and Arts Festival



Sasquatch! Music Festival

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP) ELEANOR BENTALL/CORBIS, (RIGHT) MICHAEL WEINTROB/RETNA LTD./CORBIS, (FAR RIGHT) DAVID BUTOW/CORBIS

[live&learn]



The ultimate clip-and-save guide to surviving some of life's biggest hassles. *Penthouse* has consulted with leading experts to help you out.

By Steven Shawn
Illustrations by Chris Philpot

1 SURVIVE A TAX AUDIT

There's death, as they say, and there's taxes. Both reliable. Both terrifying. (Although taxes arguably more so, since they come around annually.) The tax audit is one of the top anxiety-producers for men, right up there with public speaking, the dentist's drill, and trying to find the clitoris. To get through with your nerves (and bank account) intact:

Stay calm. First of all, until you get the envelope, you shouldn't fear an audit. Fewer than one in 100 tax returns are challenged for people earning below $100,000, according to the IRS's own statistics.

Respond. If you're notified of an audit, read it carefully and follow the instructions. Typically, you'll have 30 days to answer. If you ignore the notice, the IRS can bill you for what they think you owe, notes Roy Lewis, coauthor of four *Motley Fool* tax guides.

Get prepped. If any of the requested documents are missing, find them or get copies, writes Lewis. Don't just show up, dump a load of papers on the auditor's desk, and say, "Well, that's all I've got."

Shut the fuck up. Audits are usually about specific aspects of your tax return, not your whole sad or grandiose financial story. In fact, anything you happen to mention in what you think is casual conversation could lead to a widening of the audit, notes Lewis. Avoid small talk. Resist the urge to ask whether Jet Skis are deductible. As much as possible, answer with a simple yes or no.

Send for the cavalry. An audit is like a minor trial. Fine to go it alone if the audit is to request copies of a few specific expenses you've deducted. But if it's anything complicated, it's best to be represented by an experienced tax pro—the tax world's equivalent of a lawyer.

2 GET LIPSTICK OFF YOUR COLLAR

Strictly speaking, this can only happen to guys who wear shirts *with* collars—so a good number of us are exempted. There is, of course, the broader issue of the recalcitrance of lipstick with regard to *any* clothing onto which it has been smeared, such as T-shirts and even the placket covering the fly of your shorts. But, of course, location of stain is just the tip of the iceberg when it comes to lipstick jeopardy. The salient question is, *Whose lipstick is it?*

Wife or girlfriend's lipstick? Get her to clean it! Skip the rest of this item and move along to hassle No. 3. Not your partner's lipstick? Then you're going to have to clean up your own mess. Here's what you need to do, according to that most helpful-hint franchise, Heloise:

Do some reading. Check the garment's label. If it says "dry clean only," take it to a cleaner. If it doesn't ...

Blot, don't rub. Take two hand towels. Place the clothing with the lipstick stain facedown on one towel, suggests Heloise. Dip the other towel in isopropyl rubbing alcohol and gently blot the back of the stain. Repeat until stain is gone.

Blast away residue. Use a spray stain remover such as Shout to remove final traces. Let it sit for 15 minutes or so, then throw the garment in the wash.



3 FIX A FLAT BIKE TIRE (WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE A SPARE)

The cyclist's code is *never walk if you can ride*. If you still have a pump, you can:

Spend some cash. Got a dollar bill handy? If there's a rip in the tire only, and the tube is still good, deflate the tire and wedge the bill inside the gash, according to a report on AllSands.com.

Crimp the tube. If you have a fast leak in the tube, you can either remount the tire with the bad spot poking slightly *outside* the rim, or you can fold the tube back on itself inside the rim. In both cases, when you inflate the tube, the pressure will cut off, or slow, the leaking air enough for you to ride home, notes AllSands.com.

No pump handy? Then you can:

Get packing. Gather any soft material you can find, such as grass and leaves. Pack these into the tire and remount it, according to Mark Riedy on Bicycling.com. It's not going to be a comfy ride, but you'll get home.

To see a video demonstration, go to Howcast.com and look under bike repair.

4 POLISH SHOES WHEN THERE'S NO POLISH AVAILABLE

It's a wedding/funeral/fancy-dress ball. You got the suit, but forgot to check your shoes. They're badly scuffed. You need to simply:

Monkey with them. Get a banana. Remove the peel. Eat or dispose of said banana. Rub slimy side of peel on shoes, say the experts at VideoJug.com.

Toss a salad, counters Erin Huffstetler, the resident expert in frugal living at About.com. Stir together olive oil and lemon juice. Rub on shoes.

5 PLEA-BARGAIN A TRAFFIC TICKET

You were speeding; you got caught. Now what? You can often plea-bargain a ticket to eliminate the points on your license, reduce the fine, or both. You do this in much the same way a lawyer does with a prosecutor for more serious offenses. Except you're the lawyer and the arresting officer usually functions as prosecutor. Your success will depend on your driving history (if you have multiple tickets and are close to losing your license, forget it), the seriousness of the offense (DUI? ditto), and your ability to stay calm and follow a few basic rules, according to Damon Dallah, who writes e-books on the subject.

Plead not guilty. You need to do this to get the court to set a date for a hearing. This doesn't mean you're not guilty. It's your legal right to request a hearing, and, by doing so, you put the burden on the court to prove your guilt.

Have an exit strategy. At the courthouse, if the arresting officer doesn't show, you can ask for a dismissal right then and there.

Start a conversation. If the officer is present, be respectful. Say words to the effect of, "I have a defense planned, but if a deal is possible, I'd be willing to negotiate," writes Dallah.

Set a goal. The most important issue is not the fine, but your driving record. Gladly take any offer that will reduce or eliminate points or reduce the charge from speeding to some other nonmoving violation.

6 PREVENT FOOT ODOR

How bad are your feet? Real stinkers? Foot odor is caused by bacteria that find a lovely, comfortable home in the warm, moist environment provided by feet. Particularly feet trapped in socks and shoes. To fight that bacteriologic buildup, the editors of Consumer Guide recommend:

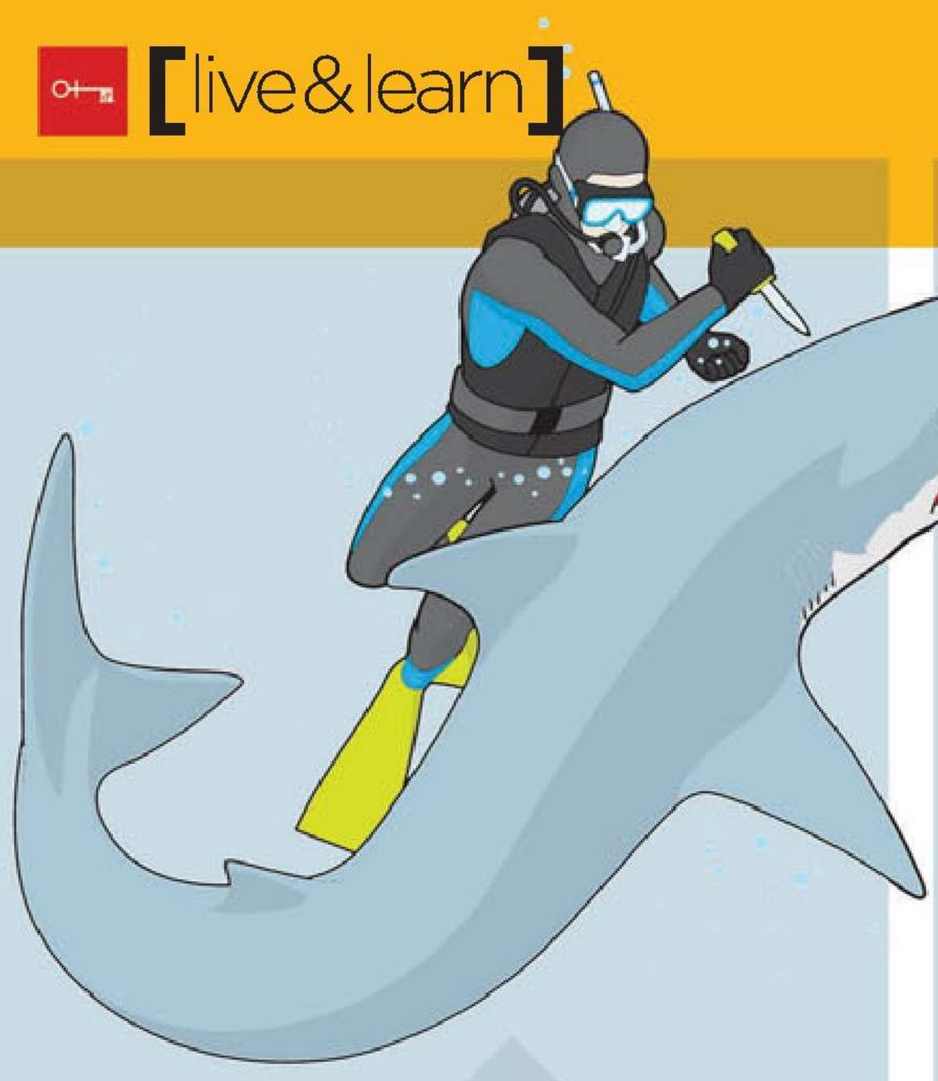
Wash your feet often. You need to wash enough to get rid of the bacteria, but not enough so that you wash away the foot's natural oils. A few times a day, at first, if the odor's really bad.

Use saline solution. Add half a cup of kosher (large crystal) salt to a quart of water and soak your feet.

Powder them. Try some cornstarch in your socks.

Deodorize. You can use the same stuff you spray on your underarms.

Sock it to 'em. Buy a few pairs of socks that advertise "wicking"



7 DEFEND AGAINST A SHARK ATTACK

Sharks are big, lazy, and brutal. They'll opt for the sneak attack, chomping down with a force of approximately 300 pounds, says Alley, an ocean-studies major at Yahoo! Answers. To defend yourself:

Dry off. "Exit the water as quickly as possible," advises Scott Conger, a shark expert and owner of Tarpon Springs Aquarium. *Hmmm,* you probably didn't need us to tell you that. So, if you can't flee ...

Don't act like dinner. Sharks don't really like to eat people. The chance of being attacked by a shark is one in 11.5 million, according to the International Shark Attack File. If you're aware of a shark's presence, stay vertical in the water and don't splash around. If you're horizontal and splashing, you'll resemble a seal, says Alley. And sharks love seal.

Fight back. Grab anything you can—a rock, a diver's knife (assuming you're a diver)—and pound on the approaching fish. Aim for the eyes, gills, or snout, which are the shark's most sensitive places. Don't use your bare hands if possible, since shark skin is extremely abrasive.

Retreat. If you can, back up against a rock formation. It'll keep the shark on one side of you, and make its attack more difficult, according to eHow.com.

8 REMOVE A BEE STINGER

It's no picnic getting stung by a bee—particularly at a picnic. It's important to remember: The bee did not attack you. It was simply defending itself—or thought it was. You sat on it, bit it when it landed on your sandwich, or otherwise violated its hive space. Before you apply the ointment or balm, you have to remove the stinger, which has a little barb on it that hooks under your skin. The stinger contains venom, and if you leave it in, it will continue to seep venom. *Into you,* that is. (Also, there's a risk of infection.) Fortunately, it's quite easy to remove a bee stinger.

Charge it. Locate a plain old credit card. Visa, MasterCard, Amex—the bee doesn't care which, or about your credit rating. Identify the stinger: It should be protruding slightly from your skin. Then scrape horizontally across the surface with the card. This should remove the stinger, according to Jennifer Pointon, writing on eHow.com. No card? A fingernail will often do the trick.

Soothe it. Now that the stinger is out, apply a cold compress to the site of the sting.

Paste it. After icing the spot, apply a paste made of baking soda and water. If you don't have baking soda on hand, sprinkle some meat tenderizer or honey on the sore spot.



9 FALL ASLEEP QUICKLY WITHOUT PILLS

The first and most important principle of getting a good night's sleep is to set up the conditions that lead to a good snooze, according to experts at the Mayo Clinic. Their advice is to eat lightly before bedtime, skip naps, and use blackout curtains to keep your bedroom extra dark. Other basics from the Mayo Clinic include:

Do something habit-forming. Go to sleep at the same time every night of the week. This includes weekends. The human body clock likes to be on a schedule. Don't fuck with it.

Bore yourself. Don't: watch TV, surf the internet, or play videogames. (TV exception: Some insomniacs report great success watching C-SPAN.) Do: Read a book about Eastern European architecture.

Stay calm. Avoid getting into confrontations within an hour of bedtime.

Don't exercise. Exercise in the daytime = good. Exercise within a few hours of sleep time = bad. That's because exertion raises your core temperature, and increases brain activity and alertness.

Do your laundry. Wash socks after every use, even if you've worn them for just for a few hours. Many canvas shoes or sneakers can go straight in the wash. Let them air dry.

Still not getting any shut-eye? Try some of these lesser-known and counterintuitive tactics:

Scare yourself. "Think of something that is deeply disturbing, or recall an incident you'd really rather forget," says Frayda Kafka, a certified hypnotherapist based in New York's Hudson Valley. "Your mind can't deal with it, and you'll fall asleep."

Trick yourself. Tell yourself you *want* to stay awake. You absolutely positively do not wish to fall asleep. That's the advice of Yan Muckle, a Quebec-based writer and former insomniac. If you doubt this works, think of how

10 SURVIVE A BAR FIGHT

Guy walks into a bar. Another guy says, "What're you lookin' at?"

No, this isn't the start of one of those jokes your daddy used to tell you, involving an organ grinder's monkey, a midget, and a baseball glove. It's about trouble.

Trouble tends to congregate in bars, even in cheerful bars where, like, everybody knows your name. Bar fights build slowly but turn ugly fast. If you're paying attention, you can often see them coming a mile away, like those lumbering monsters in black-and-white horror flicks. Similar to slow-mo monsters in the movies, fights are hard to avoid. Remember, you're dealing with drunks, which is like dealing with infants—if infants weighed 200 pounds and were spoiling for trouble.

Try some patience. "Anger is as contagious as any germ," Roland D. Maiuro, Ph.D., clinical director of the Seattle Anger Management, Domestic Violence, and Workplace Conflict Programs, told *The Seattle Times*. Don't let the germ spread. Let's say you accidentally knock over a guy's beer. Act normal. Apologize. Offer to buy the guy another beer. Don't allow it to become a big deal.

Act whacked. If things start to escalate, you can often defuse a fight by reacting disproportionately, according to a former spy who goes by the moniker "Burn Notice" and posts video tips on WonderHowTo.com. Take a step toward your opponent and scream menacingly at the top of your lungs. This action should scare him and also make you look insane, which should scare him further. If that doesn't work ...

Scram. Split. Take a hike. Get the hell outta Dodge. Exit stage right. Head for the hills, says Burn Notice. Sometimes hoofing it is your best course of action.



excruciatingly difficult it is to stay awake in a long afternoon meeting, when you're trying your damnedest to look alert.

Have a drink. "Drink half a glass of water, then put a pinch of salt on your tongue," advises fitness trainer Brooke Bennis, D.O. "The combination alters the electrical charge to the brain to sleep mode."

11 KILL TOOTH PAIN

When your tooth aches, it's different from having a sore elbow or a hangnail or any other pain in your body. It's Grand Central pain, not something you can identify as separate from your being. Some solutions, according to dentists at the Atlanta Dental Group PC:

Chill it. Either hold an ice cube against the sore spot or sip ice-cold water.

Oil it. If you've lost a filling, dip a cotton ball in clove oil and apply it to the cavity.

Ultimately, fix it. Neither of the above will cure the underlying problem. Get to a dentist as quickly as possible.

12 MAKE A MESSY APARTMENT APPEAR NEAT IN MINUTES

An old girlfriend or your parents have just dropped in from out of town. You get a call with a pretty broad hint about stopping by. No, they don't just want to go to a restaurant. Slight problem: Your place is a pigsty. There's no time for deep cleaning. Here's what to do, according to Sarah Aguirre, reporting for About.com (note: If a guy is dropping in, you can skip all these tips. Just go out and buy a six-pack):

Point of odor. Spray air freshener around. Not too much!

Declutter. Find an empty box or laundry bin—anything!—and start tossing in loose clothes, candy wrappers, pizza boxes, damp bathroom towels, dirty dishes, and the like. Fill it up and stick it in the back of the closet. Target the most important areas. Where are you going to be hanging out? Living room? Bedroom? Hit up these areas first. Throw everything in a closet.

Wipe. Grab a rag, a towel, or an old T-shirt. Spray with cleaning solution (409 or Fantastik if you have it; diluted dish soap if you don't). Wipe down kitchen surfaces first, then bathroom, and finally the dining room table.

Give yourself a once-over. Aguirre points out that your visitors are not coming to see your house, really, are they? Look in the bathroom mirror. Shave. Brush hair. Check clothes ... consider changing into something you haven't been wearing for four days.

Distract. If you have anything colorful—a plant or a bouquet of flowers or a beautiful coffee-table book—use it to distract your guests, says hypnotherapist Kafka. "I throw a brightly colored dish towel over my dishes. Someone looks in my kitchen, they see the red thing and they don't notice anything else."

Dim the lights. Another way to distract, according to Kafka: Light some candles, if you have any. Nothing hides imperfections better than low lighting.

Finally, don't apologize. "Don't call attention to its imperfections," says Kafka. Just man up and act like you're proud of the dump.

[bree&ash]

blonde & blonder

March 2008 Pet of the Month Bree Olson was major tabloid fodder earlier this year, when she was identified as one of Charlie Sheen's live-in girlfriends. And while we can't take you behind the scenes at Charlie's, we can offer a glimpse into the adult-entertainment star's girls' night with Ash Hollywood. It's as steamy and sexy as our wildest dreams.

Photographs by Emma Nixon

























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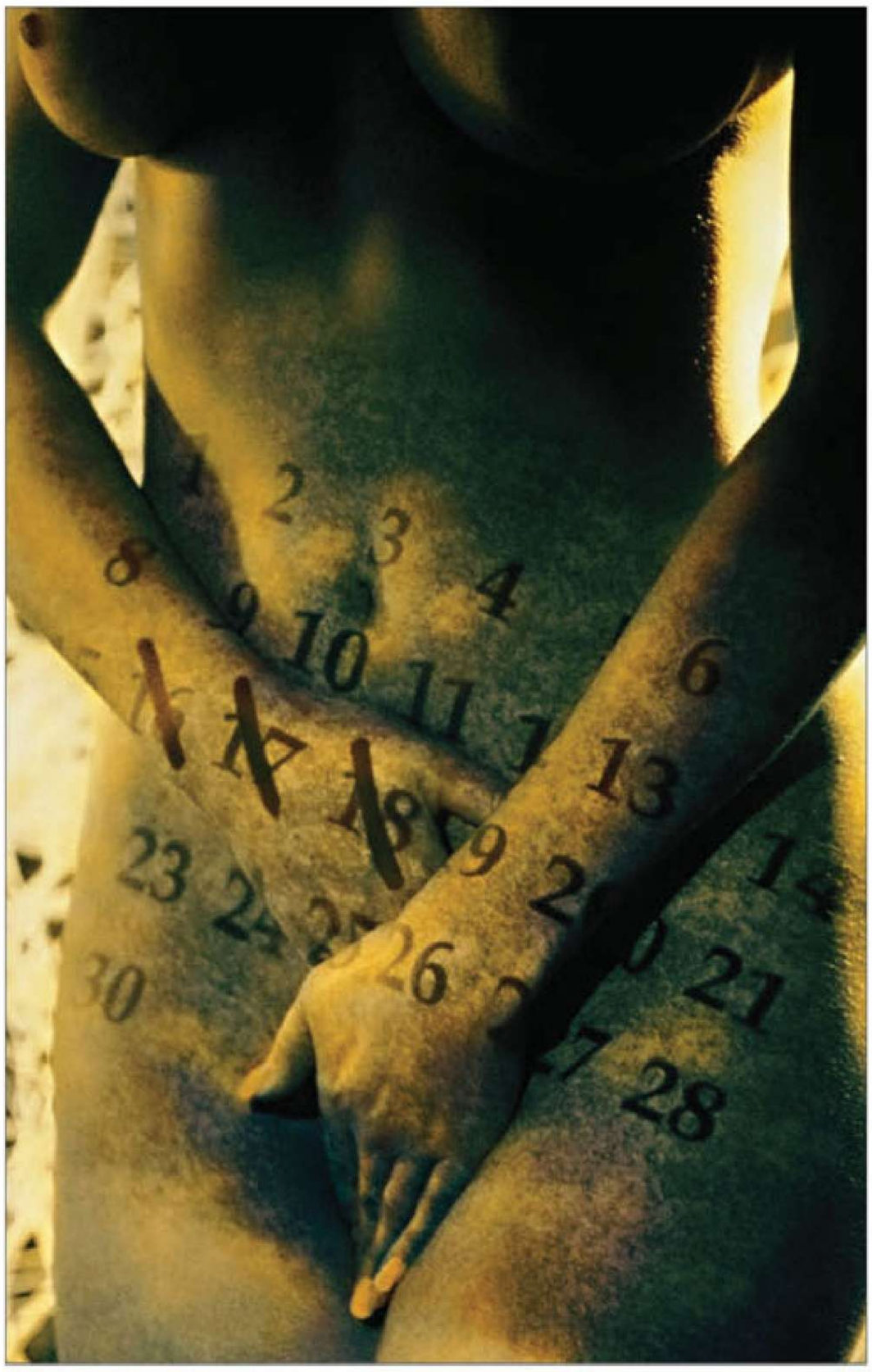


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DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Relationships may be more complicated than ever, but the eternal truth is, sex is—and should be—good. In order to help you get the most out of your sex life, you need advice from experts on both sides of the bed.

By Martin Downs, M.P.H., and Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.



RAG AND BONE

A lot of my buddies don't agree with me, but I'm okay with having sex when my girlfriend has her period. The problem is that she's not into it. Is there any way I can convince her to try it?

The Downs side: You guys are always asking for advice on how to "convince her" to do this or that. It's like you're trial lawyers looking for an expert witness to help you make your case. I'm sorry, but I can't testify that there are any solid reasons for her to have sex during her period if she doesn't want to. You might be, like Dave Foley on *Kids in the Hall,* a "guy with a good attitude toward menstruation," proclaiming to embrace his woman's monthly flow, even if it is "a raging rust-colored torrent, an unbridled river of life-giving blood flowing from between her legs!"

But most men, and women for that matter, don't have a good attitude toward menstruation. I recall that, when traveling in Asia with my wife, some parts of the ancient Buddhist temples we visited were off-limits to women. On those occasions that she was denied entry, it was explained that the intrusion of a menstruating woman upon the sacred space would make it unclean.

In modern America, our collective attitude toward menstruation is no different. Think of "sanitary napkins" and "feminine hygiene" products. Sanitation and hygiene, by definition, are measures we take to prevent disease.

But consider this: You can have a schnoz full of mucus teeming with infectious germs, and yet you don't blow it into a "sanitary napkin." You use "facial tissue." And you use toilet paper, not "anal hygiene" products to wipe your ass. The implication is that menstrual blood is somehow dirtier and more dangerous than snot and poop.

Still, there's really no health-related argument against having period sex. It won't harm her. And unless she's got HIV or hepatitis, it won't harm you, either.

It all comes down to how comfortable she is with letting you share her menses. To her, menstruation is probably a deeply personal thing, and one that may have an element of shame for her. To some, proposing to have sex at that time of the month is like saying, "Hey, how 'bout I stick my dick in your embarrassing bloody secret?"

Yet there are plenty of other women who wouldn't mind a spot of red on the sheets if you don't. I just don't think that any amount of convincing can change the former into the latter.

The Pet doctor: It depends on the reasons behind her dislike of fornication during menstruation. Is she a neat freak who dreads a drop of blood smearing her silk sheets? Does she get severe PMS symptoms and a lot of cramps before and during her period? Or does she have hemophobia—an irrational fear of blood? If she is a neatnik, it's unlikely that you'll be able to overcome her cleanliness OCD—after all, sex during a woman's period gets quite messy.

There are some women, particularly those who experience strong PMS symptoms, who feel a total lack of desire during their period. Some get bloated due to water retention, while others feel intercourse makes their cramps worse. If your girlfriend is afflicted with these problems, you don't want to add to her agony by pushing her to have sex.

However, if her reluctance is simply due to an irrational fear of bloody sex, you might convince her to try it by telling her that you find sex during her period to be a special turn-on because the spots of blood make you feel like you are deflowering a virgin. Be sure to do it a few days after her period has started, when the flow is not as heavy. Offer to wear a condom if she thinks a bloody penis is disturbing. To reduce blood flow during intercourse she can wear a cervical cap, which she can get from her OB-GYN.

Another alternative she can ask her doctor about is natural bath sponge; a piece of the sponge moistened in water before she inserts it will absorb most of the blood. She just has to be careful to remove it completely. Make sure to put lots of towels on the bed. Personally, I enjoy having sex during my period—making a bloody mess feels cathartic in a primal kind of way.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT PAGE) TONY MAY/GETTY IMAGES, (RIGHT PAGE) MR.MEANS/GETTY IMAGES

TOO MUCH CONTROL

I've read a lot on how to strengthen the PC muscle to allow a male to have multiple orgasms without ejaculation, and I've practiced the exercises. Now it seems that I can hold back my ejaculate, but I can't orgasm and I can't figure out why. Any advice?

The Pet doctor: To experience a "dry orgasm," you need to learn to relax while holding back your ejaculate. You may be tensing up your entire body to the point of preventing yourself from reaching an orgasm. Don't focus too much on climaxing. Instead, enjoy slow, pressure-free intercourse. Tell yourself that you don't have to have an orgasm to enjoy this experience. You can also try adding stimulation to bring on an orgasm while holding back your ejaculate. Touching your nipples, gently squeezing your testicles with your hand, or digital stimulation of the prostate can bring on the orgasm. If you don't like the thought of a finger in your ass, try sexual aids that are designed to stimulate the prostate.

The Downs side: Although you might have been trying to achieve multiple orgasms, you've actually trained yourself to fuck forever without coming. It's good to learn ejaculatory control, but there's a limit to how long you can hold back from the point of no return before the sexual tension dissipates and you're effectively done, orgasm or not.

THERE'S A LIMIT TO HOW LONG YOU CAN HOLD BACK. SEX SHOULDN'T FEEL LIKE WORK, AND IT ISN'T A COMPETITIVE SPORT.

Have you ever noticed how a back scratch stops feeling good if it goes on for too long? It's because the friction of fingernails on skin isn't pleasurable in and of itself. It's how your brain processes that sensation that makes it feel so good. After a certain point, the pleasure ends, even if the friction continues.

It's the same with sex. You have to stop for a while to reset your brain-penis pleasure circuit, kind of like power-cycling your modem when you lose your internet connection. But what you probably do instead is thrust harder and faster in an attempt to come. That only makes things worse, because too much friction desensitizes your penis.

Keep working on your multiple-orgasm project, but don't be too committed to it. Your sex life shouldn't feel like work, and it isn't a competitive sport.

Experiment with your ejaculatory control every now and then, but more often than not, you should let go and bust a nut whenever you feel like it. And remember, another way to have multiple orgasms is to have sex multiple times. I think that sounds like more fun, don't you?

MISSION: LINGERIE

My girlfriend loves sexy lingerie and I love seeing her in it. She's dragged me into one or two stores to show me what she likes. I think she expects me to surprise her by buying something for her, but I hate shopping. How can I get around this?

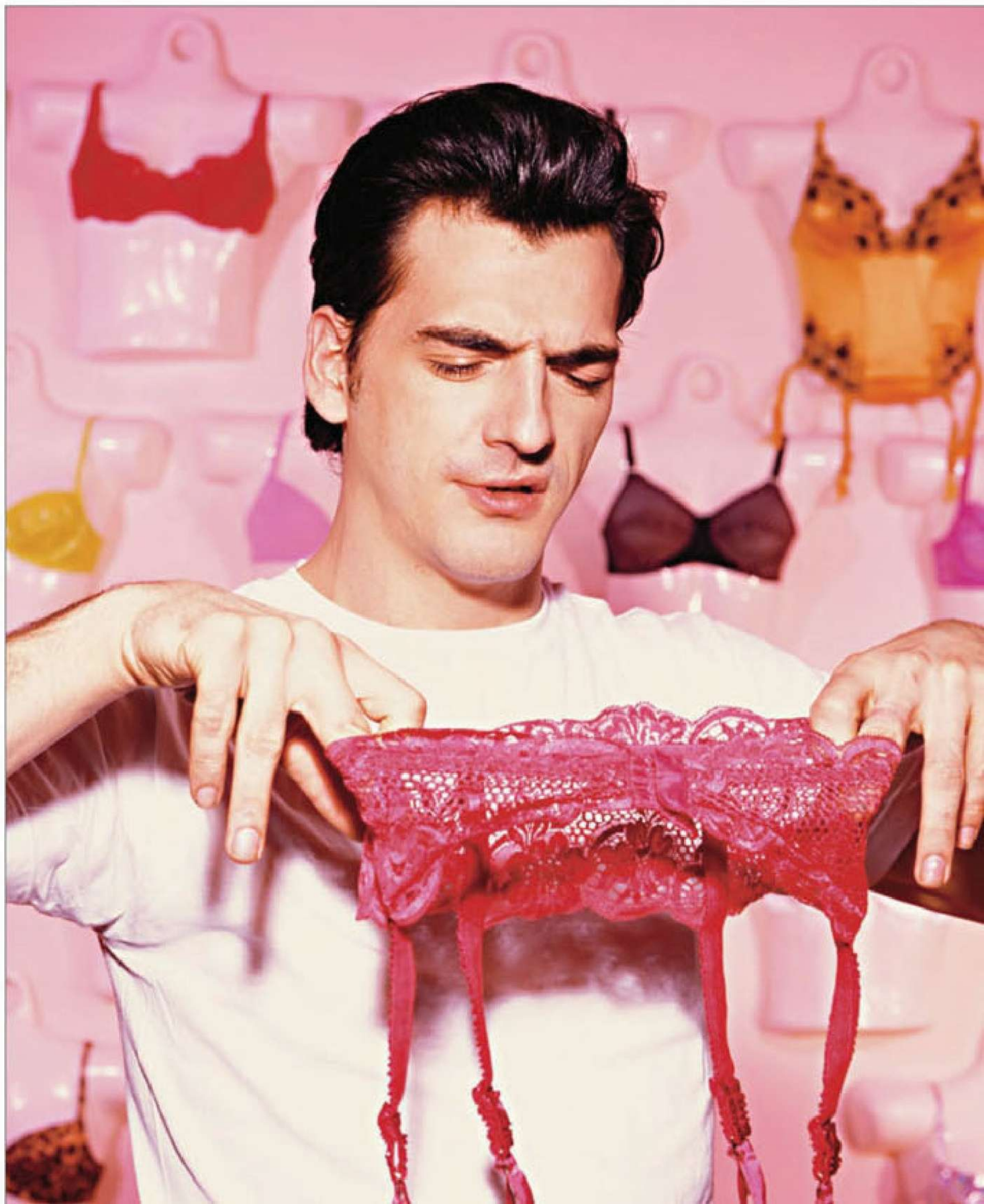
The Pet doctor: The easiest way to shop for lingerie these days is online. Find out her size by checking out the labels on the lingerie she currently wears, then search online for the styles that she prefers and order them. Penthouse has an extremely sexy line of lingerie, available at PenthouseStore.com.

If you decide to get a bra and panties, make sure they match or coordinate. If you don't like to choose, just buy her a gift certificate to stores she likes—you can do that in person or online.

The Downs side: Use the internet. Shopping for lingerie online not only provides more variety to suit your predilections, but after scrolling through page after page of hot models in hot merchandise, you might just be inspired to rub one out before checking out.

A few online lingerie retailers I'd recommend are PenthouseStore.com, of course, Trashy.com, and AgentProvocateur.com. My personal favorite is PeriodCorsets.com, although I'll admit it's not for everyone.

Still hate shopping? Then my guess is that you must be cheap or broke. Shopping isn't so bad if you have some money to spend and you don't mind spending it. But in my experience, it's a drag when everything seems to be out of my price range, or if I just don't feel like opening my wallet.



[sex ed.]

You might also have developed an aversion to shopping by shopping only with women, which can dull and confuse your natural male shopping instincts. Men tend to shop differently than women do, I've noticed. To really appreciate the difference, you should go shopping with another man.

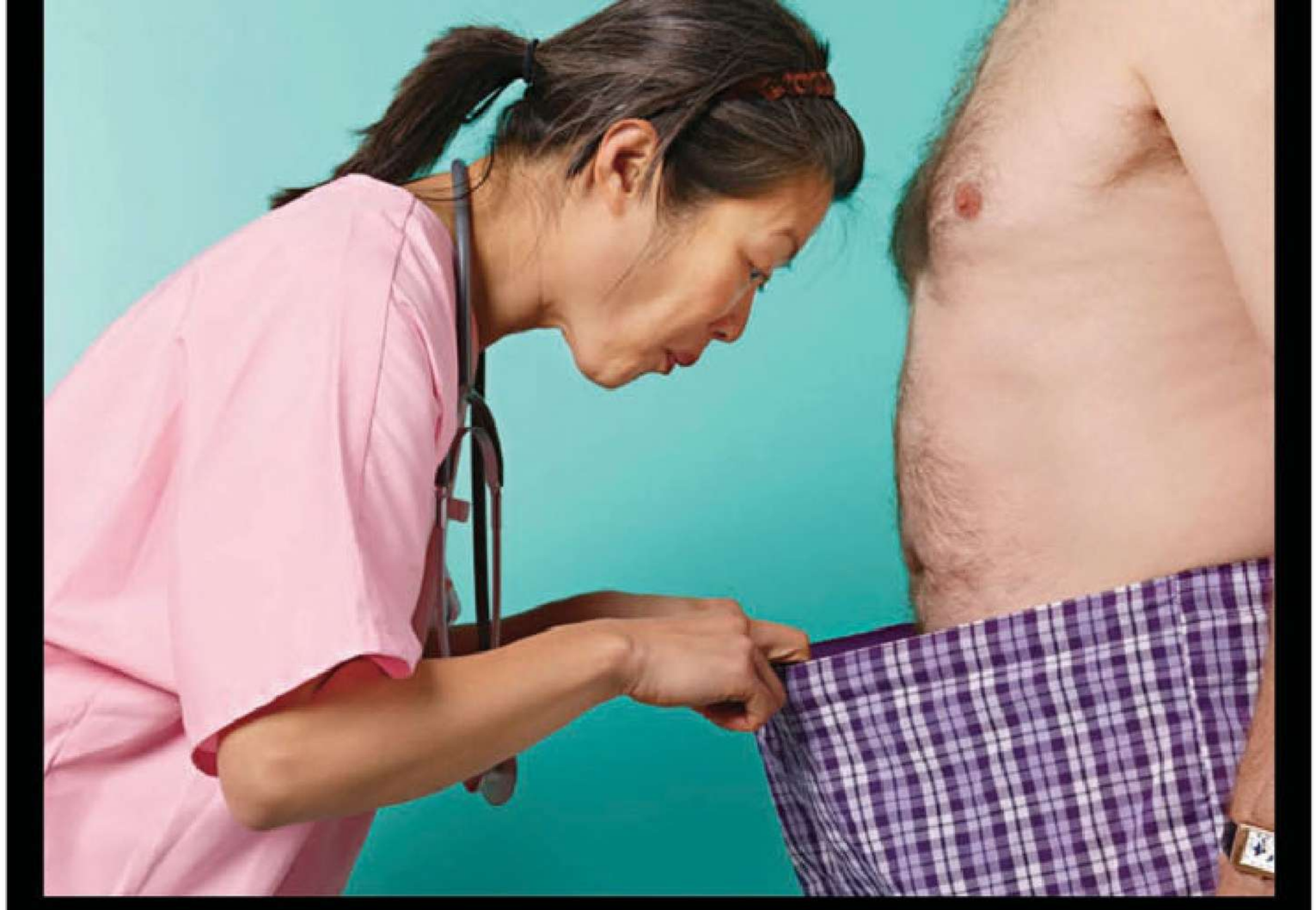
Recently, I had the honor of taking my best friend shopping for an engagement ring. He was planning to propose to his girlfriend the very next day. He had a pretty good idea of what he wanted and how much he could pay. We walked into the store, spent five minutes looking, and spotted the perfect ring. At this point, I think, a woman would have put that ring down, and gone on to spend another three weeks looking at rings at ten different stores, just to be sure she wasn't missing a better one. But what did we guys do? I said, "Yeah, it's a beaut." My friend said, "Yeah, it is, and I can afford it." I said, "Buy it." He bought it, and we left. All in all, we spent maybe 20 minutes in the store. And do you know what? It was the perfect ring. His girl loved it, and she said yes.

The moral of the story is that guys can shop, and can even enjoy shopping, when allowed to shop like guys—which is to say, like commandos.

But before you embark on a lingerie-shopping mission, it's important to first gather intelligence on sizing. If you overestimate her size, you imply that she looks bigger than she is. Underestimate her size, and you'll make her feel bad when she can't squeeze into the garment. Either way, you fail.

To be confident in your purchases, collect as much information as possible. It's not enough to know, for example, that she wears a size medium T-shirt. You need to know her bust, waist, and hip measurements, her height, approximate weight, dress size, and bra band and cup sizes.

There is no straightforward way to obtain this information. To simply ask for it would be tacky. It must be gathered by stealth. The cleverer you are about it, the greater the impression you'll make when, as if by magic, you produce lacy/silky/leathery underthings that fit her perfectly, proving to her that you're a guy worth wearing them for.



CONDOM INTERRUPTUS

I've been seeing the same guy for two months. We always use condoms, but I'm wondering when it's safe to stop using them. How long should we wait if we're in a monogamous relationship?

The Pet doctor: If you want to be completely safe, you should not stop using condoms until both of you get comprehensive tests for sexually transmitted infections (STIs). Even if someone is totally honest about their past test results, there is always the possibility that they have an asymptomatic STI or that the symptoms have not shown up yet. Most STIs have an incubation period during which they are undetectable by tests. For example, it takes from one to six months for HIV antibodies to be detectable in a test. And some people never have any symptoms of HPV, herpes, or chlamydia. Suggest to your partner that you both get tested to put you both at ease about stopping condom use. Make sure to get tests for HIV, herpes, hepatitis B and C, gonorrhea, chlamydia, HPV, bacterial vaginosis, and trichomoniasis.

If you really want to be supersafe, you'll want to have these tests performed—or re-performed—at least six months after the last time you or your guy had sex with anyone else. But remember, you have to trust that your partner is being sexually exclusive with you, and believes in the same definition of monogamy as you do.

The Downs side: To be safe, wait six months after your last potentially risky sexual encounter. Six months is the maximum amount of time it takes for HIV antibodies to show up in a test. Three months is the minimum. If you test negative at three months, it's pretty unlikely that the test was wrong. But to be absolutely sure, you should get retested at six months.

Other sexually transmitted infections, such as chlamydia and syphilis, also take up to three months to show up in a test. Gonorrhea can be detected within a week.

If you've been monogamous and using condoms for two months, but right before you hooked up with your boyfriend you had unprotected sex (blowjobs count, by the way), then wait another month and get tested. If neither of you were having sex for at least a month prior to the start of your relationship, then you can go ahead and have your tests done now.

Once you get the all-clear, then you can feel better about ditching the condoms. Remember, however, that monogamy is an assumption based on trust. You have to decide for yourself what you're willing to risk on trusting the guy.

Most people in long-term monogamous relationships are willing to bet that their partners aren't sneaking around sharing needles and having high-risk sex. But sometimes that's exactly what their partners are doing.

I know plenty of couples who were together for years before they stopped using condoms. That's partly because condoms are a cheap and easy way to prevent pregnancy. Not everyone wants to be on the Pill. But to someone who has cheated or been cheated on in the past, it can take a long time to be fully convinced that things are as they seem.

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Well-Read

Research assignments don't have to be dull. In fact, with the right assistance, they can lead to the welcome distraction of close encounters between the stacks.

By Erica Cunningham • Illustrations by Jon Proctor

It was a few days into a lengthy research project when I noticed him in the archaeology section of the library. He was working at the next table over, surrounded by a few texts, but mostly maps, notes, and journals. I guessed that he did most of his work in the field, at dig sites and museums, and surely more interesting places than college libraries.

My own research was fairly dry, so as the days slipped by it was easy to let my mind drift toward more enticing subjects. I starting paying more attention to him, taking in the details, watching the way he carried himself and how he moved.

He was attractive—he had a nice build without being bulked-up, a welcoming smile, and generous shots of gray at his temples. But it was his hands that really captivated me. They were rough and work-worn, sturdy and capable, and it was easy to imagine how they might feel if they were touching me. If they were used to handling delicate artifacts, I figured they'd be skilled at doing some damned amazing things to my body.

Almost daily over the course of a few weeks, we sat at adjacent tables exchanging looks and smiles. Though we never spoke, we gave each other friendly nods in the mornings, and made a point of waving good-bye at the end of each day. Using him as a distraction from my work turned from merely observing him and entertaining passing thoughts about his hands, into actively fantasizing about him. The more I watched, the more I found to appreciate. I was also pleased to notice he seemed to think I had a little something worth appreciating. It was nice to glance up and catch him checking out my legs as I carried books back to my table, or realize he was looking at me when I lifted my head from a pile of notes.

So I started thinking, imagining, fantasizing. I watched the way his fingers stroked the worn pages of an old notebook, and wondered how they would feel caressing the soft skin on the inside of my elbow. Looking at the way the muscles of his arms shifted as he moved books around on the table got me thinking about those arms swiping the tabletop clear and spreading me across his work surface. And when he wore button-down shirts that let a small triangle of hair peek out, I imagined a chest full of hair and the delicious tickle on my breasts as he drove into me. On more than one afternoon, my imagination had me ducking into the restroom for a few minutes of alone time. These breaks were brief and furious, but it's amazing how therapeutic an orgasm or two in the middle of the day can be.

I didn't want to keep that up, though. I appreciate the joy of solo relief as much as the next gal, but what I really wanted was a helping hand ... and I knew just the hands that could help. So I spent some time working on a plan. I was pretty familiar with this area of the library, knew which sections didn't have much traffic and which corners were nearly impossible to find, even for library staff. Still, when I finally made my move I was nervous, worried that I might be going too far by chancing this in a public place. As I thought about it, though, the possibility of getting caught only served to heighten the thrill.

Walking past his table, I caught his eye, then turned toward the stacks. Just before disappearing around a shelf, I looked over my shoulder and





gave him my best teasing smile. As I got to the end of the row, I glanced back, and he was at the other end. Then I made a few turns past shelves and down rows of books, and always made sure he saw which direction I went. When he finally caught up with me, I'd led him to a cozy nook in a far corner of the library, deserted enough that we might even get away with making a little noise. There was still a chance we could be interrupted, though, and I enjoyed a hot frisson of exhibition-induced excitement.

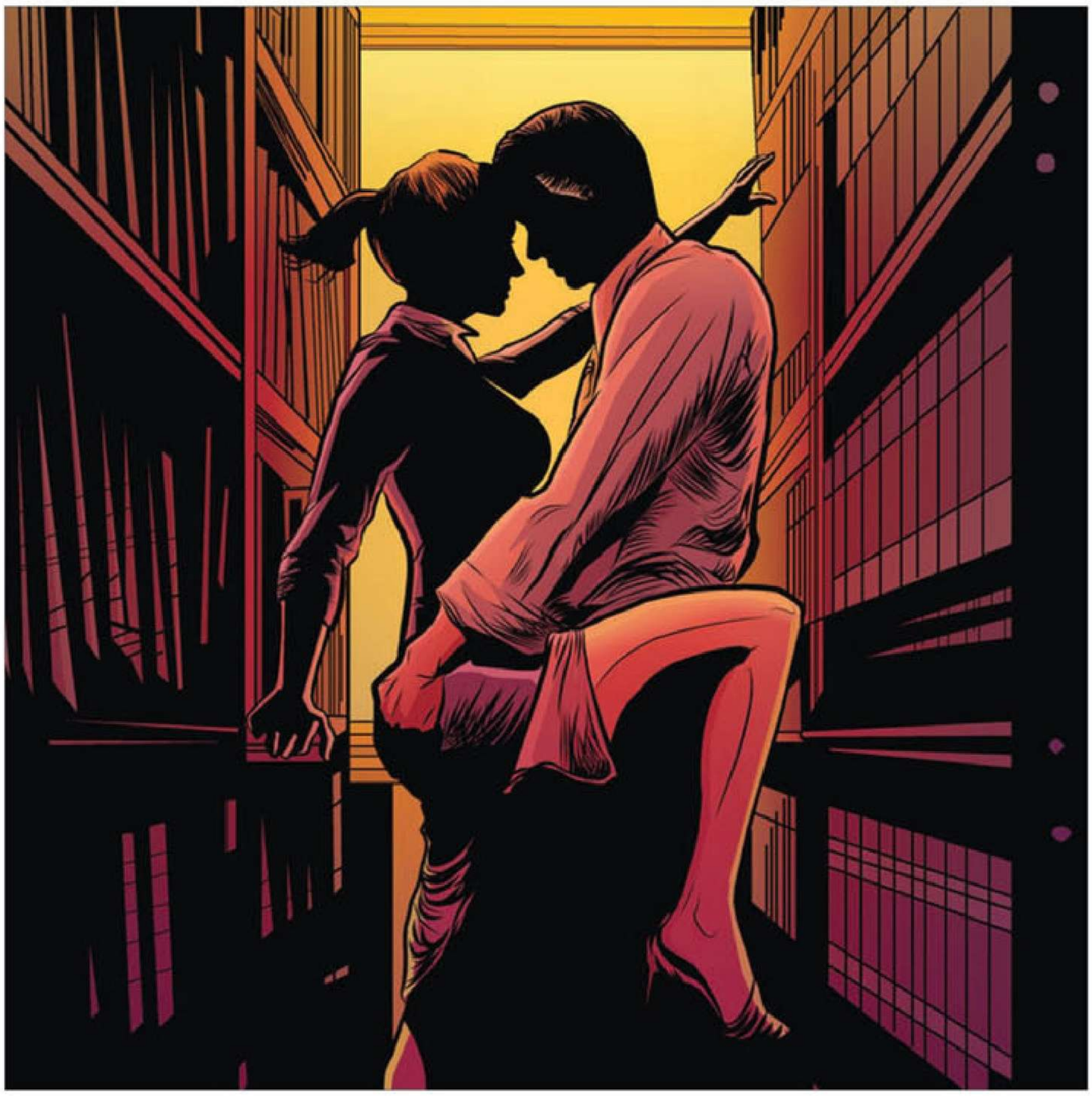
I was against a wall between two shelf-ends when he came around the last corner. We both grinned as he approached, and it was clear that he was as turned on by our daring little adventure as I was. As soon as he was within reach, I grabbed his shirtfront and yanked him toward me. An instant before our mouths met, I felt his hard-on press into my hip, then our kiss swallowed the sound of my moan.

I had been so right about his hands. As soon as they touched me, I melted a little. They seemed to be everywhere at once, gripping my waist, sliding down to hold my hip, stroking up my body to lightly squeeze my breast and tease my nipple through the thin fabric of my blouse. They were large and expert and moved over my body as though they belonged there.

His touch also made me desperate to get my own hands on his hot, hard flesh. It wasn't just his hands that felt amazing; he held me against the wall with the weight of his body, and I enjoyed the feel of his heat where our thighs and chests pressed together, and his denim-covered groin let me know how ready he was for this. We rubbed against each other as we kissed, and his hands mapped every part of me they could reach. I strained away from the wall, pushing against him even harder and giving him room to get those hands down to my ass.

As much as I wanted this to go on, the risk of getting caught meant that we couldn't stay here very long. I moved to make some room between us so I could pop the buttons of his jeans, and his thick cock pushed into my hand. Yeah, this was just what I needed. I wrapped my long fingers around the shaft and shoved his pants down with my other hand so I could get a grip on his ass.

My loose skirt gave me room to straddle his thigh, and I moved my hips in time with the strokes up and down his cock. My pussy was aching for this, for the rough grind as we found just the right rhythm. I was so close, gasping and quivering as I rode his leg. Then he pulled up my skirt and slid a finger between my ass cheeks, tickling my hole, and I was gone. The only thing that kept me from crying out was his tongue in my mouth.



My pussy was aching for the rough grind as we found the right rhythm. Then he slid a finger between my ass cheeks and I was gone.

When I came back to my senses, he was pushing into my hand and I could tell he was close, too. I dropped to my knees and opened wide, sliding my lips down over his hot dick. With my hands on his hips, I encouraged him to fuck my mouth, loving the feel of his cockhead brushing the back of my throat with each thrust. Moving my hands to his ass, I felt his muscles clench, and then he was feeding me a mouthful of come. I swallowed what I could, letting some leak out of my mouth and drip down my chin.

I held him in my mouth as he rode out the end of his orgasm, gently massaging him with my tongue. His muscles slowly relaxed under my fingers, and I stroked his ass while he caught his breath. Rising from the floor, I tucked him back into his pants, then gave him a nasty kiss, sharing the taste of him on my tongue. I finally said the only word we'd ever exchanged: "Thanks." He was still breathing heavily and leaning against a shelf as I walked back to my table and collected my things.

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[babynicol]

baby got back

Baby Nicol, an 18-year-old with a rocking 36-24-37 body, hails from South Moravia, in the Czech Republic, but she plans to hit these shores soon in person. "I want to see it all in the United States," she tells us. "If I could travel from place to place in a motor home and see all the beauty, it would be the best holiday for me!" We're ready, willing, and able to play tour guide.

Photographs by Louis Moiré








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SEXUAL HEALING

I work at an all-inclusive resort that caters to singles. The guys who work here have their pick of attractive women, but I still do all right. I'm the only bisexual woman working here, so the guys all know who to come to when someone is looking for a third party to play with. In case the guests don't work out, I have a fuck-buddy relationship with one of the bartenders, Paul. The two of us recently had a great week with a newly divorced woman named Karen.

The first night the new guests arrived, Karen was at the bar watching the mating dance begin for everyone else. She was very attractive, only in her early twenties but dressed more conservatively than the other women, and appeared to be on vacation alone. I sat with her for a little girl talk, asking why she wasn't dancing with the guys who'd asked. After a little while, she relaxed a bit and explained that she'd just divorced her high-school sweetheart and was looking to have some fun, but she thought the men at the resort were just like the guys at home.

"The men I meet have no imagination," she said, looking down at the bar and blushing. "I'd only slept with one man in my entire life till a few months ago, and that was just missionary when he wanted it. I haven't met even one guy who was into giving me oral sex." She finally looked me in the eye as she finished: "I don't have a lot of experience, but I have read *a lot*. I know I'm missing out."

I sympathized with her, ordered another round of drinks, and suggested that she could find satisfaction with the bartender, Paul. I told her how much I enjoy sex with him, and by the time she finished her drink, she was tipsy enough to tell me that she used to read the Forum letters in her husband's *Penthouse* magazines. She said she was intrigued by letters about girl-girl relationships and very aroused by the girl-on-girl pictorials. Now we were getting somewhere!

I ran my hand along her arm, leaned in close, and whispered, "If you're looking for sexual adventures, *I'm* not lacking in imagination. If you take me back to your room, I'll show you just how good oral sex can be. Then Paul will come by when he's done here."

Karen kept her head down and her gaze on the bar, but her face was flushed and she couldn't keep from smiling. "He is pretty cute," she said.

"He is, and great in bed, and he has a nice eight-inch cock." Now Karen really started to blush. I thought for a second that I might have pushed too hard too fast, but she looked me right in the eye and said, "What are we waiting for?" We told Paul her room number and suggested he pick up condoms before joining us.

Karen and I went to her room, and she was incredibly nervous. I put on some music, undressed, unzipped Karen's dress, and stood behind her in front of the mirror. I told her, "Look at yourself, Karen. You're a beautiful woman, and I'm going to make every inch of you ache for release." I could tell she was getting more relaxed, not to mention more excited. "By the time I'm done, you'll have come a half-dozen times. You deserve to be treated like a sex goddess."

Karen closed her eyes and leaned against me. "Karen!" I snapped. "Open your eyes and look in the mirror! You are going to watch me get you off."

I slid my hand into her panties and found her soaking-wet slit. "You're so wet for me," I moaned. "We're going to have a wonderful time." I bent over slightly at the waist, making Karen bend forward, too, then thrust two fingers into her pussy from behind. Our eyes met in the mirror, and I watched her face flush when I worked her clit. I slid a third finger into her cunt and thrust hard for a couple of minutes as I rubbed her clit till she came. By that point, she was completely bent over at the waist, legs spread wide, bracing herself against the mirror with her hands.

After stroking her clit till her climax subsided, I pulled her upright and grabbed her gorgeous C-cup tits, pulling her back against me, then pinching and tugging on her nipples till she was almost ready to come again. "God, Karen, you're so hot. Your husband really missed out."

I kissed her neck while I reached back down to her crotch. This time I ignored her entrance completely and concentrated on her clit. I traced circles around her hood, pulling them in tighter till I was right over her pearl. I kept it up, varying the speed slightly, until she exploded again.

"I promised you oral sex, didn't I?" I whispered, when she collapsed limply against my body. I turned around, pulling Karen with me, and she lay on the bed on her back. I knelt between her legs. Her cunt was red and swollen with passion, and her juices were dripping. I dove in, spreading her outer lips from base to clit with my tongue, then used just the tip to dip into her inner labia. It only took a few flicks of my tongue against her clit to have her climaxing again, now that she was so amped up. I brought her off twice more in rapid succession before she begged me for a break, saying she'd never had multiple orgasms before.

I eased myself up her body and sucked briefly on her nipples, then said, "You get a break when I'm ready

It took only a few flicks of my tongue to have her coming again, now that she was so amped up.

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for one, and not a minute sooner. You have no say tonight, unless you use your safe word. Pick one right now." She did, and I rewarded her by laving her nipples till she was arching her back up off the bed. I told her, "Now I'm going to make you come again. Then when Paul gets here, he's going to fuck you until I tell him to stop. Tell me now what's off-limits for you."

Karen admitted she'd never been fucked anywhere but her pussy, but she wanted to experiment. I asked if she could take it if Paul took control and fucked her face. She said she wasn't sure, that she gave a pretty good blowjob but she didn't deep-throat or swallow. "Okay, Karen, he'll fuck just your hot, wet pussy tonight," I told her, rubbing her slit. "But I'll have you deep-throating him within two days, and I'll bet by the end of the week you'll even be begging for his dick up your ass." The look on her face was priceless. She was nervous and excited, and her eyes were wide. "Or maybe I'll take your cherry ass myself with my strap-on."

Karen looked almost scared at that, so I kissed her gently, easing my tongue into her mouth. As she relaxed and got turned on again, I pushed my index finger into her cunt, lubing it up with her juice. Then I moved it back to her asshole, teasing the opening with the tip of my finger. Karen gasped as I slid into her an inch or so, then moaned deeply when I pushed my thumb into her cunt. I rocked my hand back and forth, slowly working my finger into her ass, as I moved down to lick her clit. By the time Karen came again, I had my finger all the way up her ass and she was pushing her hips up against my face.

"See how great that feels," I said, looking up at her. "I'll bet you could take Paul that way today with just a little more preparation, but it will be a lot more fun for me to make you wait."

Just then Paul arrived. I pulled him into the bathroom while I washed my hands and filled him in on Karen's submissive tendencies. I put on a robe and brought one out for Karen so we could talk for a few minutes.

After we'd all gotten comfortable with one another, Paul took off his clothes and lay down on the bed, taking Karen with him. As they kissed, I moved Karen on top of him so he could make love to her tits with his mouth, which Paul really gets off on. Then I pushed Karen's hips down till she impaled herself on his dick. Karen moaned loudly, braced her hands on his chest, and rode him slowly.

Paul took control, putting his hands on Karen's hips and showing her what to do. After a couple of minutes, I crawled between his legs, grabbed Karen's ass, and planted my mouth against her, holding on so I could rim her asshole while they fucked. Just a couple of minutes later, Karen came one more time, then Paul shot his load.

Karen melted on Paul's chest, lying against him and panting heavily. I asked, "Had enough, sweetie?" and Karen looked over her shoulder at me and said, "Isn't that up to you?"

"Yes, it is," I said with a smile. "I'm glad you remember. Now slide off Paul so I can give you your reward." Karen rolled onto her back next to Paul and obediently spread her legs for me, so I quickly licked her clit and finger-fucked her till she had two more orgasms, one on top of the other. "Now you need to get some rest. You don't get to watch yet, so Paul is going to come back to my room to screw me. But tomorrow the three of us are taking a tour of the resort, and you're going to demonstrate those blowjob skills for me whenever I tell you to."

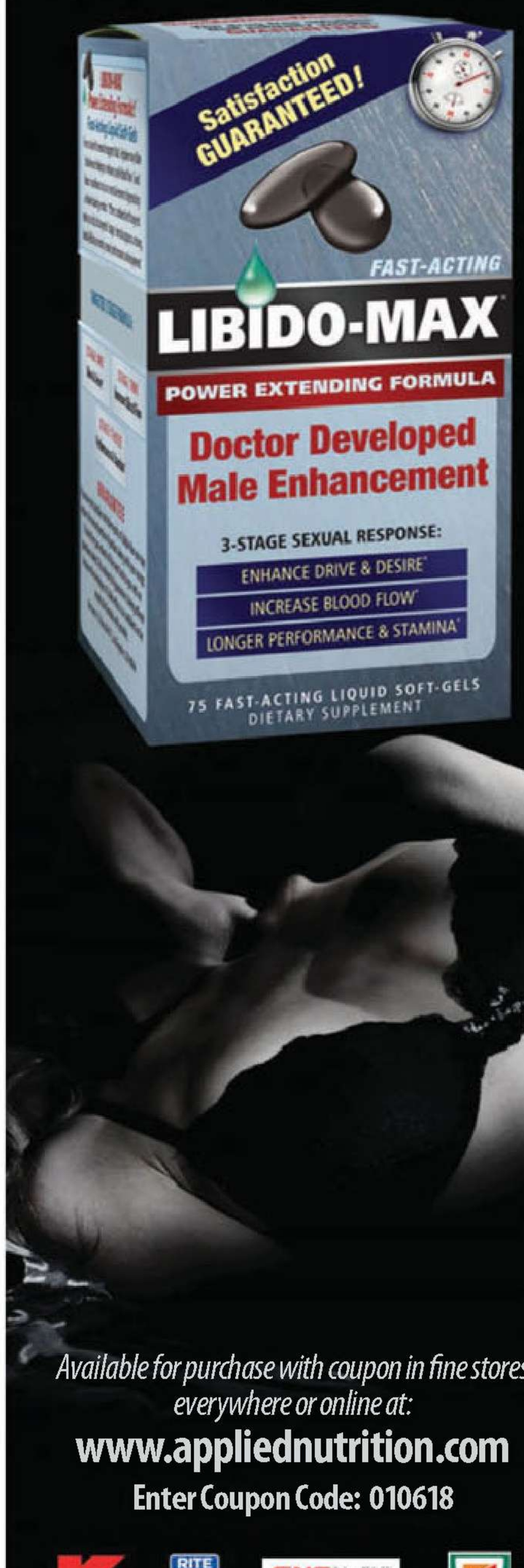
Karen gave me a tired but happy smile and said, "Okay. Then will you teach me how to eat pussy?"

"Oh, sweetie, that's a given. Your lessons start when Paul goes to work tomorrow evening." And so they did, but that story will have to wait till next month.—*S.R., Jamaica*

I pushed Karen's hips down till she impaled herself on Paul's dick and rode him slowly.



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TAXICAB CONFESSION

Last spring break, I went away with three of my buddies. It was a great trip, but four guys in the room meant some serious negotiations when one of us hooked up. One night I was in the room with the hot little brunette I'd picked up when my buddies came back too early. Fortunately, we heard them in time to duck into the bathroom. I thought Maggie would want to leave, but she took the head of my cock in her mouth as she looked up at me, then sucked me down hard.

After bobbing her head for a minute, Maggie ran her tongue down my shaft and tea-bagged my balls while she jerked me off, running her thumb over the slit at the top each time she went up. It felt amazing, and I knew I wouldn't last long.

Sure enough, a couple of minutes of Maggie's sloppy-wet ministrations were enough to make me blow a load down her throat. The girl was good! I zipped back up and we walked out to a chorus of whistles and catcalls. I guess we weren't really that discreet.

Maggie whispered, "You owe me one," so I pulled her into the hallway and said, "Let's go to your hotel."

"Can't," Maggie answered. "I'm here with my sister, and there's no way I can let her find out I'm cheating on my boyfriend."

I stopped to look at her, a little shocked, then realized it wasn't my problem. That still left us with no place to fuck, though. I'd found out earlier in the week that the hotel cracked down on sex in the public areas.

"Let's go get a drink," I suggested. "Maybe we can find someplace with another restroom we can use."

Maggie laughed and agreed, so we hopped in a cab and headed back to the bar where we'd met. Once we were on our way, I kissed her and went for her boobs. I had her panting with excitement by the time we got to the bar, and the cabbie looked like he was enjoying the show.

"You know, I could even things up right here in the cab," I said as I pinched her nipple and sucked on her neck.

Maggie only moaned deeply in response, so I told the cabbie to drive us around for ten minutes. His eyes lit up.

As we pulled away from the curb, I slid my hand up Maggie's leg, under her skirt. She pulled her tank top to the side, exposing one small breast, and I wasted no time covering it with my mouth. Her thong was barely in my way, and my fingers slid easily into her damp pussy. I had to get her off fast, so I focused on her clit, rubbing it till she grabbed my head and held it against her tit, moaning loudly.

I felt her hand next to mine and realized she was pulling her labia apart, giving me greater access to her pleasure center. I worked my middle finger under the hood and rubbed vigorously against her clit, and she yelled out, "Yes, right there! Just like that!"

I kept it up and she spasmed under my body a minute later, literally screaming as she came. I pulled her tank top back over her tit and pushed down her skirt while she caught her breath, seeing the cabbie grin at me in the mirror. He pulled up in front of the bar again, and when I paid him he said with a wink, "I'm off duty in a half hour, but I'll wait for you across the street. I'll be happy to take you two back to your hotel later."—*K.B., Minnesota*

After bobbing her head for a minute, Maggie tea-bagged my balls while she jerked me off.

THREE TO TANGO

In January I was on a business trip that stretched over a weekend, and on Saturday my colleagues—all guys—asked the concierge to recommend a sports bar where we could watch the Saints' playoff game. We ended up at a nearby bar that was full of marines from the local base—perfect for me. The guys watched the game, and I admired the hunky eye candy. I'm in my early thirties, so about ten years older than the youngest guys there, but since the crowd was predominantly male, I noticed a number of guys checking me out. I work hard to maintain my figure, and I was wearing a short, tight skirt and a low-cut top, which I'd brought with me for just this kind of occasion.

The Saints went down to the Seahawks and my bummed-out colleagues headed back to the hotel. I

begged off, saying I needed to go to the store. In reality, I had every intention of picking up one of those fine young marines.

As soon as I was sitting by myself, I had as much male attention as I could handle. I focused on one guy who was in his mid-twenties. Doug was well-built but not too muscle-bound, with broad shoulders and a great ass. His buddy, Steve, was a bit shorter and stockier, but really personable and funny. I had a feeling he was a highly effective wingman.

The three of us went to play pool, and I got very aroused by the way all the guys around us were watching me. I made the most of every shot, bending over the table to show off my ass and flash as much cleavage as possible. I was so caught up in working the goods that I lost—badly—something that, again, worked out perfectly. Doug got up close while he helped me set up my first shot of the next game, and I could feel his cock stirring. I knew it was only a matter of time before we'd be screwing.

But I was in the mood for something a bit more daring. The only thing that could get me wetter than the idea of fucking one hunky marine would be fucking two hunky marines. I just had to see if they'd be up for sharing. I ran my hand up Doug's chest and asked, "Do you guys want to get out of here?"

Doug looked at Steve, then back at me with a smile. "Are you sure?"

"Oh, yeah. But you'll win if you make me choose, for what that's worth."

"Good to know." Doug leaned down to kiss me, taking my face in his hands, so I knew the hand on my ass was Steve's. Looked like we were all on the same page.

We collected our stuff and left, garnering several jealous or lecherous looks from the crowd. Steve had his truck in the lot, and we all climbed into the front, me in the middle, of course. As we drove back to the hotel, I ran a hand up and down each guy's thigh, quickly working my way to their cocks. Not surprisingly, they were both semi-erect, and grew even more impressive as I rubbed them.

As we walked through the hotel lobby, I noticed a couple of people who looked like they were speculating about what I was doing with two guys in tow, and my pussy got even wetter. For me, half the pleasure of being slutty is knowing people think I'm a slut. I was glad none of my colleagues were around, though.

Once we got to my room, we got right down to business. In seconds, Doug had his and my clothes off and me on the bed with his head between my legs. I was so horny that I came quickly, barely noticing that Steve was still dressed and sitting on a chair. I told him I'd blow him, but he said he'd wait, joking about how hot it was to watch a live porno. I figured I'd give him a real show and play up the dirty talk.

Doug moved up my body and slammed deep into my cunt with one thrust. His dick filled me nicely and I moaned in appreciation. His only response was to pull back and slam into me again before he started fucking me with a slow and steady rhythm. I pulled my knees up to my chest and told Doug to give it to me hard and fast. "Don't hold back, babe. Treat me like a slut."

Doug looked a little surprised by my language, and I had to laugh. "I know you're a nice polite southern boy, sweetheart, but you should always give a lady what she wants. And what I want is your rock-hard dick fucking me like I'm a whore. Just don't think that means I'm not a lady out of bed."

"If that's what you want, ma'am, I guess I'll have to fulfill my duty." Doug immediately got down to it, thrusting into me deep and hard, while I talked dirty to Steve the whole time. I slid my hand between us and rubbed my clit until I came again, clenching around Doug's pistoning cock till he popped.

I dropped my legs to the bed and Doug put his head down to suckle a tit, and at the same time, I felt Steve sit down next to me. He caressed my other boob, pulling the nipple to a hard peak, as I reached over to stroke his dick. He was smaller than Doug but thick. Even after the pounding Doug had given me, Steve was going to stretch out my pussy. I couldn't wait.

I pushed Doug up so he got off me and rolled onto my hands and knees, taking Steve's cock into my mouth. Doug moved over to the chair and I laughed to myself about how hard they were trying to make sure they didn't cross swords. I gave Steve a hummer for a few minutes, then told him to give me all he had.

He knelt behind me and pushed into my entrance, forced to go slowly as I opened up to accommodate his girth. Once he was in all the way, he began to thrust in and out, making me moan loudly each time he filled me. I told Doug to give me something to suck on so I wouldn't bother the neighbors.

Doug lay down under me with a grin, already sporting another hard-on. I deep-throated him and played



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with his balls, matching Steve's movements with my head. It didn't take long for Steve to come, and he pulled out and sprayed all over my back. I came right after, and Doug pushed my head off his dick and got up.

The guys switched places, and as I took Steve back into my mouth, Doug went to the bathroom and came back with the lube that I use with my dildo. He poured a generous helping on my ass and worked it into my butt with a finger, then two fingers. I was panting like a madwoman and couldn't keep up with the blowjob.

I told Steve to stand up and I put my head down on the bed, making my ass even more accessible, and Doug eased into me, filling my tight hole like never before. I told Steve to jerk off onto my face while Doug fucked my ass, and he stood next to the bed and stroked himself. Both guys lasted longer this time, but by the time Steve's come splashed against my cheek, Doug had erupted in my ass.

Doug pulled out and I collapsed on the bed, well-fucked and exhausted. The guys lay down on either side of me, and I asked them to stay over. I didn't have anything work-related to do on Sunday, and fortunately they were off, too. They spent the day taking me every way possible more times than I could count. By Monday morning I could barely walk, and my colleagues couldn't understand why I was so tired. If they only knew!
—M.W., Louisiana

LUST-GUARD TOWER

One night while my girlfriend and I were on vacation, we found ourselves alone at the moonlit lake, so we went skinny-dipping. We splashed around for a few minutes, then started fooling around. Naked Lana is hard to resist. She's tall, thin, and busty, with long legs that can wrap around me and squeeze me like a python.

The moon made her breasts look like ripe melons. I pushed her DDs together so I could lick both nipples at the same time. She started moaning and reached down to grab my dick. She'd given me only a couple of strokes when we heard people coming. Thankfully, it was a group and they were drunk enough to be making a lot of noise, so we heard them well before they could see us. We ran out of the water, grabbed our clothes, and looked around for a place to hide. The only option was the lifeguard tower, so we climbed up as fast as we could.

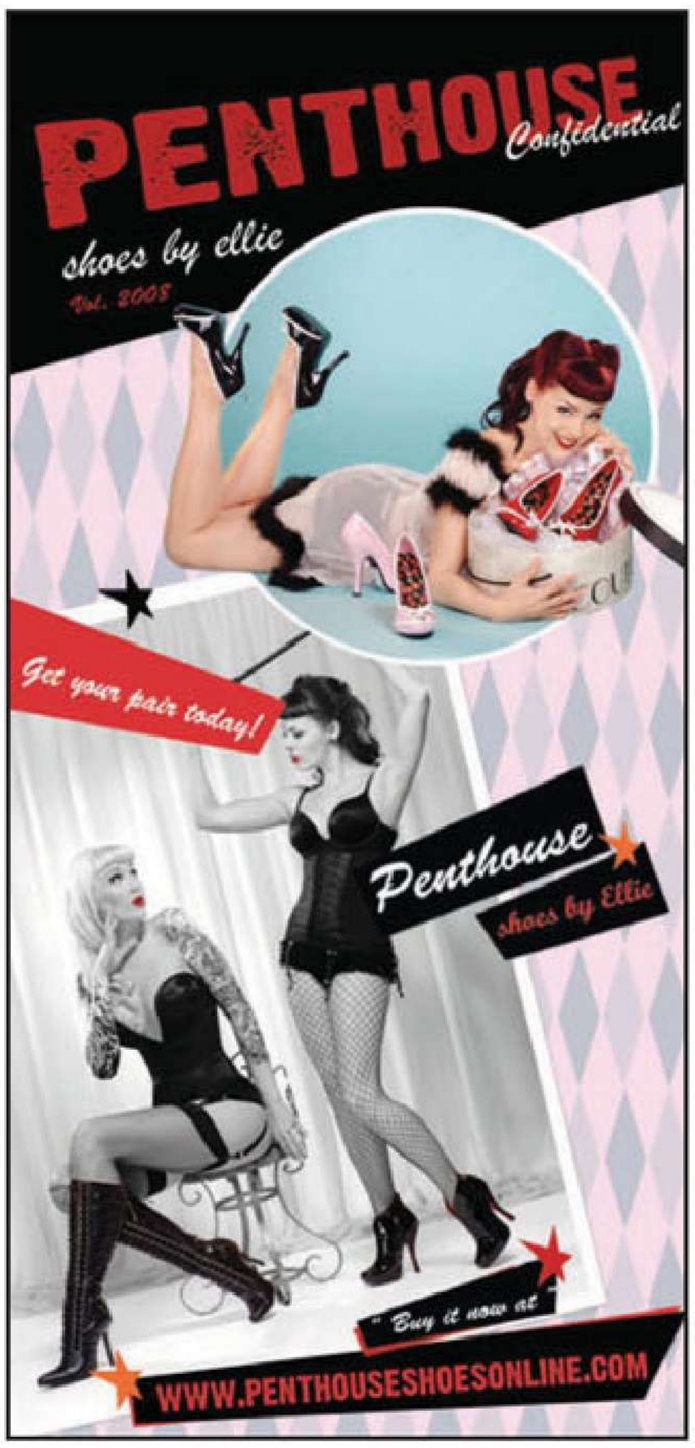
Once we were up there, I realized that because the tower was enclosed on three sides, the only way someone could see us was if they were in the water. Fortunately, the people settling in at the lakefront seemed to be looking for a place to sit and listen to music, and I didn't think they'd hear us if we fooled around.

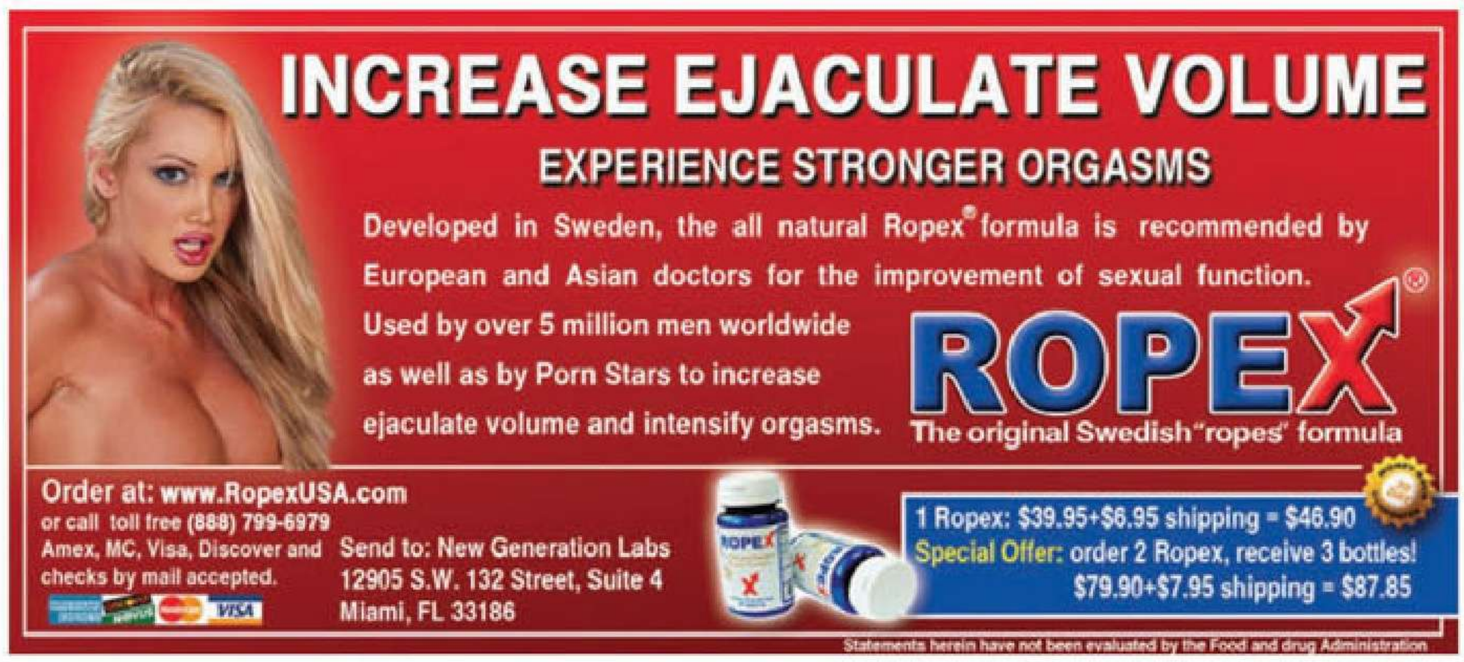
I lay down on my back, pulling Lana on top of me, and kissed her. We had often talked about how hot it would be to have sex somewhere we could get caught, and I knew from the way she shoved her tongue into my mouth that she was excited by the idea of fucking in the lifeguard tower with a group of people below us.

I pushed Lana up so I could suck on her nipples again. Her tits were swaying from the movement so I caught one with my mouth, eliciting a small cry from her. I wondered how much

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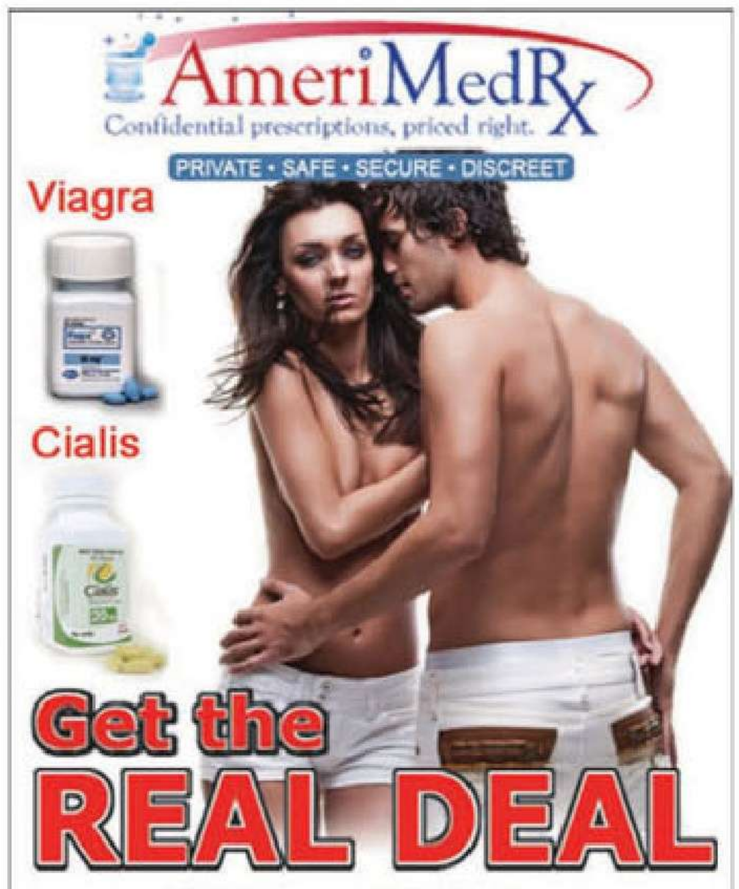


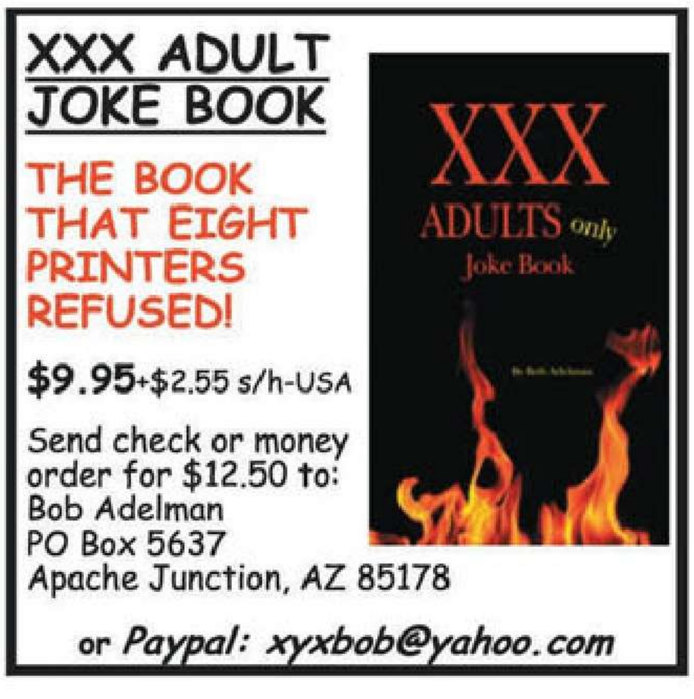
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noise we could make without being overheard, and sucked harder. Lana quickly put finger in her mouth to muffle her cries.

I rubbed Lana's pussy and was shocked by how wet she was—and it wasn't from swimming. She was so aroused by our public antics that her juices were flowing freely. I thrust two fingers deep into her cunt and finger-fucked her, immediately setting a furious pace. She was already about to climax and I could feel her muscles throbbing against my hand.

I pulled my fingers out and positioned Lana over my dick. She usually doesn't like to be on top, but tonight, with a potential audience, she really got into it. She rode me as enthusiastically as a pro. Her tits were bouncing all over the place, and I had to hold her hips and make her stop, or I was going to pop my cork faster than when I lost my virginity.

Lana seemed to realize what was going on and slid off my cock, then turned around so her pussy was over my face. As I shifted into position to eat her out, I noticed that she could see over the edge of the enclosure around us. "What's going on down there?" I asked, noticing that things had quieted down a little, although their radio was still pretty loud.

"There's two couples down there, and they're starting to fool around," Lana whispered. "See if you can make me come before they do."

I love a challenge! I dove in like a starving man, lapping at Lana's juices and teasing her clit. She was ready to come faster than I'd ever seen before, and climaxed the second I thrust my fingers back into her cunt. After, she got up and said I'd won, then told me to move. She got on all fours so I could take her from behind, another position I usually have to practically beg for, and now I could see the other couples, too. They were just making out, but they were starting to take clothes off. I wondered if they were all going to fool around together.

She got on all fours so I could take her from behind, and I could see the other couples, too.

But I had my own needs to take care of. Now that Lana had come, I could bust my nut whenever I wanted. I slid into her dripping cunt and started fucking hard and fast. Lana was ready to take it, and I was more than ready to deliver. I lasted only a few minutes before I shot my load deep into her pussy.

We stayed in the lifeguard stand and watched both guys get blowjobs. After that, the four of them picked up their stuff and left. Lana was aroused again after watching them and gave me the best blowjob I'd ever had. Then I lay on top of her and slid in missionary-style. Since I'd come once already, I was able to pound her for a long time, and after she came, she wrapped those long legs around me till I spurted another load in her cunt.

Having sex in public brought out a wild side in Lana that I'd never seen, and I'm happy to say she's loosened up permanently. She's more willing than ever to take top or take it from behind, and she sucks my dick more often, too. Plus, because she can't deny that she got aroused watching the couples on the beach, she'll even watch porn with me. Our adventure in the lifeguard tower is the best thing that ever happened to my sex life!—*P.S., Georgia*

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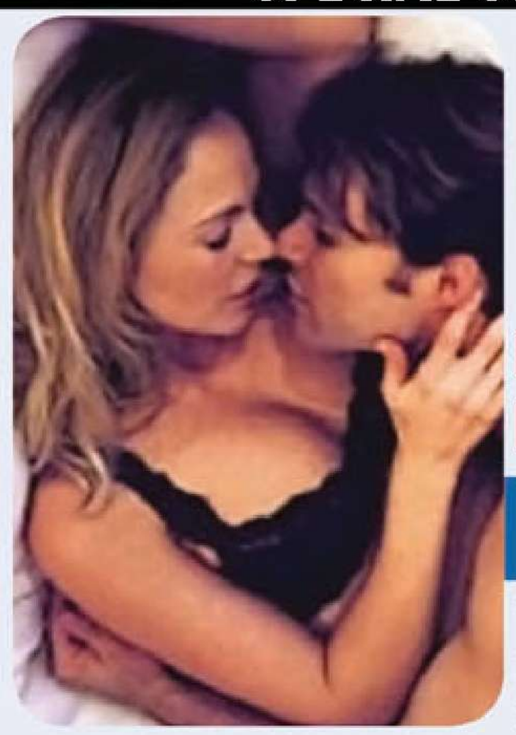
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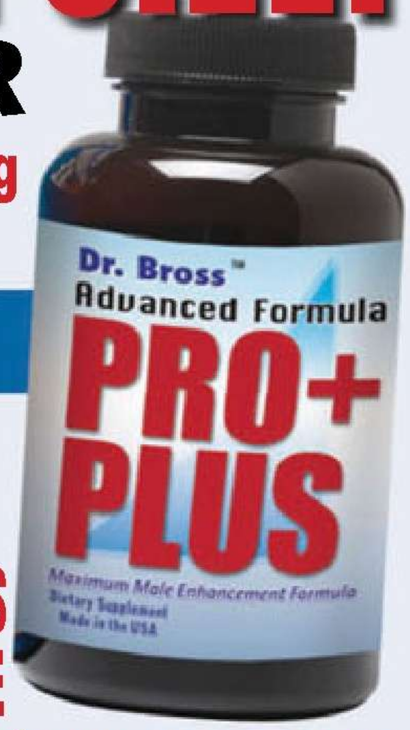
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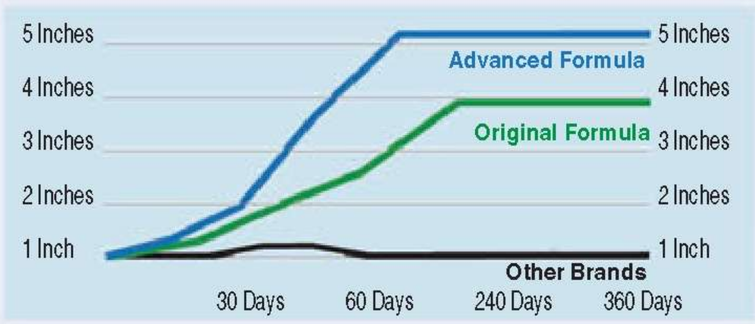
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